THE NATURE OF LOVE

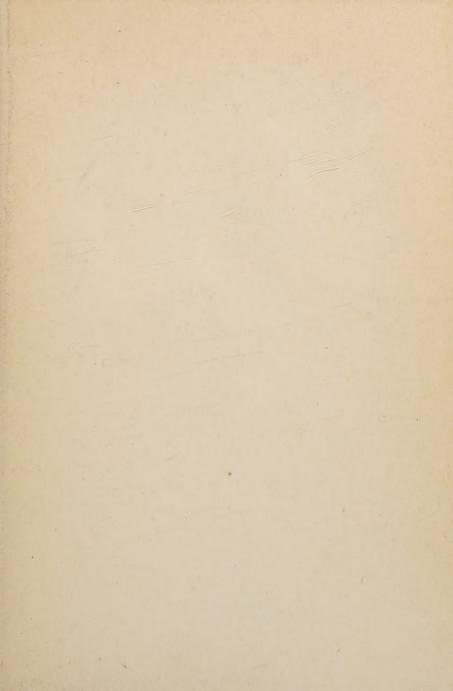
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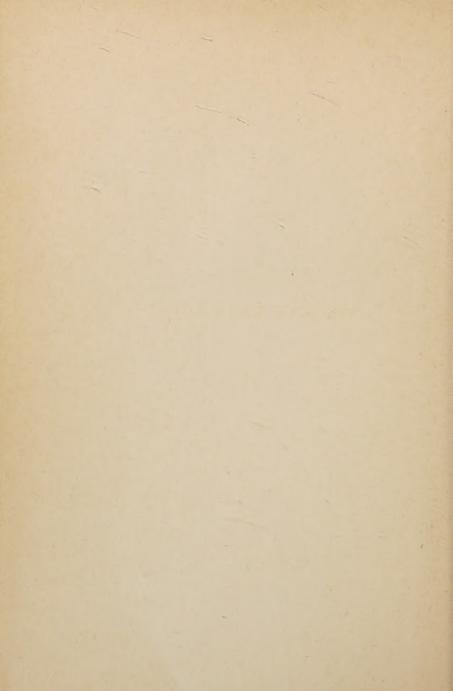
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THE NATURE OF LOVE

BY

EMMANUEL BERL

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION BY FRED ROTHWELL

NEW YORK
THE BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA
1929

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MADAME DUCLAUX

NEE MARY ROBINSON

AVEC LA TENDRE RECONNAISSANCE DE L'AUTEUR

CE LIVRE

QUI LUI DOIT TANT



AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO THE **ENGLISH EDITION**

I HAVE no great liking for a preface; it is my opinion that a book should to a large extent be self-explanatory. Experience, however, has shown the necessity of guarding against misunderstandings between reader and author, caused by the penury of human language.

To my mind, the word—love—indicates all those feelings presented to consciousness which are connected with external and personal objects. It signifies religious feeling, friendship, patriotismin so far as a nation is a person—as well as the relation between a man and a woman. It is also contrasted with vaguer feelings whose cause we attribute to ourselves or to impersonal objects: such as the joy occasioned by fine weather or excellent health, the boredom resultant from a steady downpour of rain or from bodily infirmity, etc.

My book came into being because of the need I felt to co-ordinate a series of experiences. Some of these were personal, others were supplied by confiding friends, while others again were the result of my own reading. My allusions have been almost exclusively to the latter, for the reason that anyone may confirm them. I preferred to run the risk of seeming pedantic rather than to base my ideas on examples that could not be verified. All the same, I make use of a literary example only to the degree in which I have experienced or observed the mental state depicted.

The main problem is a practical one. Can we distinguish a true feeling from one that is not true? Is there any difference between loving and believing that we love? In actual fact, this distinction is made. To contemporary psychology, however, founded almost entirely on idealistic metaphysics, it has no meaning. No sentimental criterion could exist, because a feeling is only the sum total of the states thus designated by the one who experiences it. In France, the work of Marcel Proust marks the apogee of this idealistic psychology with which the present work is contrasted.

My conception of love which I look upon as a momentary, and therefore tragic, participation in a vaster reality than itself, is not far removed from the mystical conception. As far as possible, I have laid emphasis on this relationship. Though not a Catholic, I have insisted on demonstrating wherein the Catholic dogma satisfies, far better than any metaphysics, the requirements of a psychology that would explain love. This is easily understood if we consider that, ever since the days of Socrates,

metaphysics has been concerned with the theories of knowledge, whereas a religion can exist only in so far as it responds to the sentimental needs of mankind.

The psychology and the philosophy of feeling have as yet scarcely come to birth. It is impossible to exaggerate the debt they owe to Anglo-American philosophy as regards their present development. The decisive attempt to unite mystical experience with philosophical knowledge was successfully accomplished by William James and magnificently continued in the admirable works of Höcking. No single book has exercised over my research work a greater influence than "The Meaning of God in Human Experience." The investigations of Royce on loyalty-wherein psychology, sociology and metaphysics are blended together in quite novel fashion-open up paths along which considerable progress will probably be made. The effort to combine romantic creation with philosophical knowledge, an effort encouraged by Rauh with such persuasive eloquence, would doubtless have been impossible but for the novels of Meredith.

E. BERL.

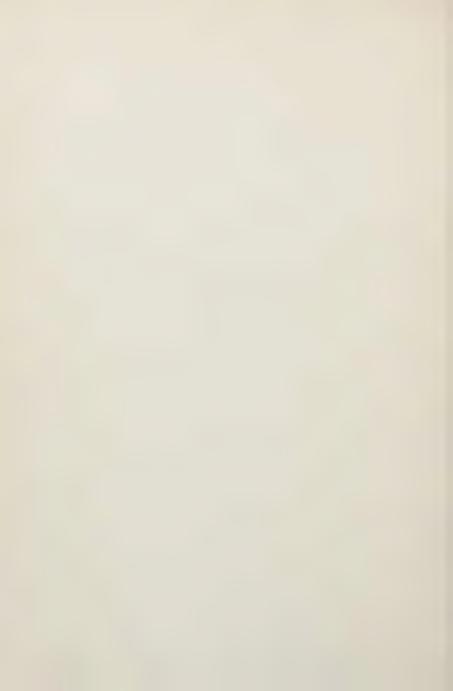
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FIRST ENQUIRY
The Reality of Love



CHAPTER I

REALISTIC EXPLANATIONS

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE AND ITS OBJECT

Man, when confronted with things that are good, beautiful and true, transcends himself, and, yielding to the celestial charm, annihilates his own sorry personality and rises to sublime heights of spiritual rapture. What is this state if it is not worship? (Renan.)

IT is natural for the mind that would attain to self-knowledge amid the chaos of experience to appeal to the law of casuality.

Consequently, the first question that suggests itself with reference to love concerns its origin. In Plato's Symposium, the guests think they need throw no further light on the matter if they can but discover the parents of the god they are discussing. Indeed, to find the origin of a thing is to have explained it. And so we must first endeavour to see if love can or cannot be reduced to a single cause as its origin and what this cause may be—whether itself is a reality or whether it expresses a reality other than itself.

In seeking whence it proceeds, we are certain to examine previous ideas on love, whether expressed in coherent systems by philosophers or suggested by the works of psychologists and artists.

MAGICAL THEORIES

Primitive observers, struck by the spontaneous and inexpressible character of love, would seem to have explained it first by an occult potency in the object that inspires it. Mysterious is its prestige, analogous to that of Hercules' stone which attracts iron. And it is a prestige that may be acquired. There are spells for inducing love. There are charms and philtres that compel men to desire the women who persuade them to drink the love-potion. There are rites and incantations which create charm, and by means of which the magic spell is exercised. This charm is transmissible; it can be passed on from one person to another, and even to a thing. A ring that inspires love for the woman who wears it also inspires love for the lake into which it is thrown. A rival can be supplanted by means of witchcraft. The mystical influences capable of giving birth to love are also capable of causing its disappearance, of making one forget it. Primitive legends and fairy tales are full of such incidents. A spell causes Siegfried to forget Brunnehilde, another causes Douchanka to forget Sakountala, and yet another causes Ruggiero, when he finds himself in the palace of Alcina, to love Alcina and forget Bradamante.

Poets and novelists, writers of romances deal in various ways with these spells which assuredly exercise greater influence than might be supposed over popular imagination.

Credence is still accorded to the "femme fatale," and even to the secret virtues of certain places and objects. He who drinks of the water of Beikos must return to the Bosphorus-Claude Farrère tells us. Hypnotism, too, has given a new lease of life to these idle fancies, thus enduing them with a kind of scientific halo. In default of amulet or talisman, there is the "fluid" which enables its owners to inspire love as they please. And these old magical ideas, frequently in modern guise, have been introduced into the language of the day. We talk of a man as being "bewitched" by some woman or other, of the way in which she succeeds in "catching him in her toils." People are quite ready to evoke, even unconsciously, Alcina, Fata Morgana and the Sirens. Most mothers are tempted to believe that the passionate infatuation shown by their sons is caused by some secret power exercised by the women they love. Literature is full of these fatalistic beliefs. The woman attracts and ruins the man, just as the serpent attracts and swallows the bird. She causes a strange sort of vertigo, which proves our downfall and our ruin.

There may be some element of truth in this ancient conception of human feelings. It emphasizes their character of irrationality, and accounts for that demoniacal element which Goethe affirmed to be present in every "grande passion." Though it does not constitute a system which the mind can accept, it still remains a source of wonder in presence of the reality of things. It stands over against the real, makes no attempt to strain or warp it—scarcely to offer an interpretation of it. Thus it will always prove acceptable to those simple-minded folk who, whether through lack of culture or of reflection, or by reason of an impulsive nature, still retain a primitive capacity for wonder.

RATIONALISTIC THEORIES

Nevertheless, reason rebels against these ideas. It does not believe in these mysterious charms, all the more so because they are possessed by particular objects and would thus make it difficult to work out those general laws in search of which reason is compelled to embark. Attempting to discover a common element in the multiplicity of life's experiences, it finds that there are persons and objects loved by all. Reason dwells upon the resemblances it thinks it sees between these objects in deriving love from general qualities, which things and persons possess. It is not this lake or that woman which attracts, but rather the beauty in the woman, the deep clear

waters of the lake . . . etc. Certain qualities have the power of arousing love. Particular persons and objects will inspire it according as they possess these qualities. They are veritable amulets, true love-charms.

These views are profoundly platonic in their nature. We may even reflect that the consideration of love on which Plato meditated so profoundly may have given a special trend to the rest of his philosophy. For, if it is really qualities, not individuals, that we love, we are thus made sufficiently aware of their reality as superior to individual appearances.

Love, then, is caused by qualities: objects inspire it only in so far as they share in these qualities. Nor is there anything mysterious about sentimental selection. It is possible to calculate to what extent the object participates in one or more qualities, and also to set up a hierarchy of the various qualities. Love is rational; it corresponds to the merit possessed by its object. More than this, it proceeds direct from this merit, and expresses it. These ideas are seen to be at the root of a chivalrous conception of love. They are found in the novels of the seventeenth century, in the plays of Corneille, and even in modern times. If a woman is in love with a man, it is because she finds a higher degree of perfection in no other man. Queen Gueneviere is compelled to prefer Lancelot to all the Knights of the Round Table-including King Arthur-because

the merit of Lancelot surpasses theirs. The Princesse de Clèves is compelled to prefer M. de Nemours to her husband, because he is really preferable. And we may imagine that Pauline would prefer Sévère to Polyeucte, did not Polyeucte as greatly surpass Sévère as God's conception of greatness surpasses the world's. "To love a person" and "to be affected by a person's merit" are synonymous expressions. Objects are arranged in a certain hierarchy with reference to one another. Their respective powers of attraction correspond to the positions they occupy in this hierarchy, positions ascertained by sensibility and understanding. There is also a hierarchy of different qualities, which must be revealed by philosophy. Then we shall obtain an exact formula for love. Indeed, the hierarchy of feelings must correspond to that of the various manifestations of life. Connection between feelings should correspond to that between things, since feelings are but one effect of things upon ourselves. Were there no order in feelings, there would be no order in the universe. Reason needs to believeand indeed does believe-in a truth, to which the heart bears witness and submits, a truth which it could not invent.

It is not easy to conceive of this power of attraction possessed by abstract forms. In presence of this difficulty, the attitude of philosophers is based on the general attitude they adopt towards the universe. They may refuse to go further, refrain

from seeking a cause for the attractive power of qualities: consequently it will be taken for granted that qualities have real existence, that they sit enthroned in the absolute, like ideas and numbers. Each of them may also be attributed to a divine subject that will make their existence more perceptible. The well-known myth of Phædra expresses a conception of this nature. Each quality is peculiar to a particular deity. Wisdom is inseparable from Minerva, beauty from Venus, etc. Qualities . . . like the gods themselves . . . are independent of one another. This may explain why some particular quality is more especially operative upon some particular individual. The reason is that, in a previous existence, he was more especially dedicated to the god endowed with the quality in question; he was one of his train. Thus, one will be more sensitive to beauty, another to wisdom, a third to courage. They will feel the intense longing for these qualities which they feel for their absent motherland, and will cling to everything calculated to remind them thereof.

THEISTIC THEORIES. GOD, THE SUPREME ORIGIN OF LOVE

Reason tends to transcend this point of view because it tends to transcend polytheism and pluralism. It is unable to confine itself to this respective independence of several abstractions, and so attempts

to reduce them to unity. It is led to attribute the various qualities to God, the common subject of them Thus God is the sole object of love. love only God, for God alone is lovable. Things are lovable only in so far as they share in Him. The series of various loves is a series of stair-heads each of which either comes nearer to God or removes farther from Him. This dialectic expresses that of the universe. Indeed, if each object did not share in the nature of God, it would fall into a state of nonentity. But each object is nearer the divine centre than all others, or farther from it. We shall prefer to individuals goodness and beauty, truth and righteousness, because these attributes almost form one with the very substance of God. We shall prefer to men the angels and the saints, because they are nearer the heavenly throne. For the same reason, we shall prefer men to animals, and animals to inanimate matter. The higher always attracts more than the lower, because it contains more of divinity. In the things themselves, it is God that we love. Their degree of perfection is but the spark of divinity they contain. After all, love does no more than bear witness to this degree of perfection, no more than discover God in the world. This platonic conception, revived by Plotinus, has largely passed into Christianity. Other aspects of Christianity have sometimes kept this one in the background. The Church has been led to demur at the practical importance of love. All the same, it has never ceased to acknowledge that love is a good thing, to affirm its sacred and divine character. It has never ceased to believe in that Plotinian love which rescales the heights down which we came in creation. Is not the idea that all things must be loved, that all things, coming from God, can and should return to Him, the very essence of the preaching of Saint Francis? Even in our own time, the vogue obtained by the Tolstoian message and the Anglo-Saxon prophets of optimism is sufficient proof of the life and influence throughout the world of the doctrine which regards all love that comes and returns to God as an indication of the divinity in matter.

PESSIMISM REGARDING HUMAN NATURE. SENTI-MENTAL REALISM AND THE NEGATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL

Still, it must be acknowledged that love does not correspond to good in any rigorous fashion. There are such things as errors of feeling; at all events, painful accidents. The subject may attribute to the object qualities it does not possess: for instance, that an ugly woman is loved for her beauty, a hypocrite for his virtue. It also frequently happens that the subject discerns qualities but is mistaken as regards their respective values; that he prefers material to moral beauty, etc. And, lastly, it may happen that, seeing the qualities and rightly judging their bear-

ings, he is yet altogether unmoved by them. Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor, says Ovid.

Here, Christianity and platonism are at one in showing that what is wrong in these loves does not consist in what they are but in what they are not, in what they prevent from being. In a word, these errors belong to the understanding, not to the heart; they are rather a lack than an excess of love. If by this insensibility to good we are to understand that the subject does not love, then it is not love with which we are dealing at all. It is not love that deceives him, rather is it he who deceives himself by not loving. And, if we are to understand that he is prevented from loving the best things by reason of the attraction exercised by things less good, it will be easy to show that love is wrong in what it denies, not in what it affirms. We do well to love our dog. We do ill if our love for this dog checks that we should be tow on our children; as we do well to love our children, but ill if this love hinders that we owe to God. The love has not been mistaken, nor has it deceived us. It is we who have used it ill; we have stumbled upon some particular object it revealed to us and have not allowed it to continue its course towards the eternal object, its true goal. it we ascribe the imperfections of our own nature from which it was endeavouring to set us free. The problems laid down by errors of feeling are not dependent, indeed, on the philosophy of love but on the particular psychology of those who commit the errors. In the philosophy of knowledge, likewise, we see that understanding and reason are good, although particular opinions may be bad and liable to error.

The real motive whereby those who believe in the objective origin of love refuse to attach any great importance to these errors of fact may be that they scarcely concern themselves with individuals. As they find common qualities beneath the multiplicity of loved objects, and one common centre in God, so they find beneath the multiplicity of loving persons one single substance, man in general. Of this substance, each particular man is an accident. That "something" which distinguishes the individual from all others has not much reality; it is a thin crust by which we must not allow ourselves to be stopped. It is advisable to pierce this "individual crust" in order to discover the connection between man, qua man, and the universe, qua universe. Then, the true nature of love will show itself. It will be seen that it is nothing but that correspondence between man and the world, that action of the world upon man, whereby the world attracts man to itself and imprints its image upon him. The rest-a distortion of general truth by individual hazard-should no more count in philosophy than in science the exceptions to the laws it has discovered.

At the root of these doctrines—as perhaps at the

root of all optimism—we find an opposition between the true man, the true love, the true object of love, on the one hand; and the apparent individual and the apparent object, on the other. Love is deceived, in fact, because the individual finds himself, in fact, corrupt; but whether we explain this corruption by the influence which civilization and society exert, as do Tolstoi and Rousseau; by the body and the connection between the soul and the body, as do the Neo-Platonists; or by the individual being, as do Schopenhauer and the Buddhists: the fact remains that, beneath the man whom one meets in the street, the man that one is oneself, who prefers the fleshpots of Egypt to the manna from above, who follows the manifold impulses of his inconsistent desires, there is a man made in the image of God, whose spirit corresponds to truth, whose heart responds to goodness.

RESIGNATION, QUIETISM AND HATRED OF SELF

The amorous attitude, therefore, is to let things go, to allow the individual ice to melt, so that the surface of the waters, freed from this thin layer, all dull and tarnished, may once more reflect, in all their purity, the passing clouds and the ever present heavens. The obstacle to love is the self and its turbulent condition. Let silence then be imposed on ambition and hope, on regret and all the tumult of the heart! Let the personality die and the true man be born again; then will love bear us away

towards God, its eternal magnet. All that is needed is to abandon oneself to this vast, this all-embracing development. This doctrine of resignation does not appear to proceed in any way from an excessive and presumptuous confidence in the self. We but imperfectly interpret Fénelon and all that element of romanticism which sprang from him if we regard it as "personal imperialism." On the contrary, the true source of these optimistic doctrines would seem to be mistrust . . . nay, more, loathing and the hatred of self.

Ah! l'affreux esclavage Que d'être à soi,

sings Fénelon. This confident hope in love comes from the desire "to belong to self" no longer, to break through the partitions of personality so that the wholesome outside air may enter. What Plato, Christianity, quietism, Schopenhauer and Tolstoi think is this: "The individual is worthless, he can do nothing. He only deceives himself and suffers, lies and grows worse. For him no salvation. Such moralists as La Rochefoucauld who prove him incapable of anything but amour-propre are right. Perhaps they are too optimistic. In amour-propre there is an indescribable cohesion and aspect of finality not possessed by this sickly concupiscence, this incurable abstraction, this perverse

and painful fickleness. The only way to find ourselves is to lose ourselves, so that a god, some unknown force, may set us free and carry us away and so restore us to ourselves and to virtue. The more pronounced becomes distrust towards man, the greater should be our confidence in love. Love is evil only in so far as we blend with it something of our own personality. . . . To love anything whatsoever constitutes a little wisdom; it is a part of the universe entering within us to set us free. If we follow love without disturbing it or paralysing it by our own inclinations, its infinite dialectic will ever draw us nearer to God."

We see the common root of these divers doctrines. Love springs from objects, from qualities, or from God. It destroys the personal self and reaches out to the substantial self: to it love makes appeal. Love is a holding of the individual by something else than itself. To love is to be held, to let oneself be held, to rejoice in being held. The cause of love dwells in the object that inspires it; its worth depends on the worth of that object. There is a unity of love that corresponds to the unity of the world. We must trust to love and follow it: first, because we cannot do otherwise, the world being stronger than ourselves, and second. because our differentiated self is evil, just in so far as it is differentiated. Love saves us from our self: a mighty stream that carries back to the divine centre the creatures that have strayed from that centre because of creation.

These doctrines, like all optimistic doctrines, meet with a certain opposition in reality. In separating from magism-doubtless their origin-and placidly following the requirements of reason, while they gained much in profundity, scope and cohesion, they lost contact with actual facts-from which they had started-and corresponded thereto less and less. They no longer explain the individual and unforeseeable element in love: they cease to wonder at anything. In fairy tales we read of the struggle between the princess beloved for her virtues and the witch whose spells have procured for herself a momentary love. As a rule, the good princess proves victorious; and the witch, exposed in her true colours, flies away on a broom, unless the king orders her to be burned alive. All the same, the princess has had a bad time of it, and her daughter will suffer at the hands of some other witch. So does the rational and optimistic conception of love, in disputes, win a brilliant victory over the primitive and magical conception of love, which hides away in shame. Still, it cannot effect a definite triumph, and ever finds opposed to it, in a new form, that inexplicable, irrational and inevitable element which, in default of a precise doctrine, a secret feeling and a manifold experience bring against it.

CHAPTER II

IDEALISTIC EXPLANATIONS

THE ORIGIN OF LOVE AND THE SUBJECT WHO LOVES

THE more philosophy was "brought down from heaven to earth" and psychology was established, the more natural it was that the origin of love should be sought less in things and more in man.

Psychology claimed to study facts of consciousness—and facts of consciousness only. It could study feelings only as simple modifications of the subjects experiencing them. Maybe it was confirmed in this attitude because of its prolonged and vexatious alliance with theology. The latter, indeed, could more easily hand over to secular investigation cosmogony itself than grace and charity. And so psychology, from its nature, and from the necessities of policy, had to deal with feelings only in so far as they proceed from the self alone and are not produced by God. It was a substitute for theology as a sort of occasionally useful auxiliary; at any rate, it was harmless so long as it remained in the department of concupiscence. Still, it had to leave theology as absolute sovereign in the dangerous domain of grace.

Consequently, for two grave reasons, the one of method and the other of expediency, psychology was led to separate love from its object as much as possible. It could not continue Plato's efforts with a view to a philosophy of love. It maintained itself only by the negation a priori of a similar philosophy.

CRITICISM OF REALISTIC THEORIES. SENTIMENTAL ERRORS

Now, as regards the hypothesis whereby love proceeds from its object—and does not take account of the individual—we have just seen that it clashes with serious criticisms based on the fact—too undisputed a fact—of sentimental errors. The thinkers who aimed at finding the necessary and adequate cause of love in the self thus had first of all to insist on these errors. An endless theme for the literature of satire and elegy! The ancients actually represented love as a blind god. It admires in objects the qualities wherein they are most lacking and "regards defects as perfections."

Whatever optimists may say, sentimental error cannot be considered as an accident: first, because it is too frequent for it to be permissible to look upon it always as an exception; secondly, because it is inherent in the nature of love. Indeed, it would appear to be difficult to conceive of love apart from

this erroneous superestimate of the object it chooses; for otherwise we should scarcely see any difference between the man who is in love and the man who is not in love. Can we say that a man who desires a really beautiful woman, and in exact proportion to that beauty, is a lover? Or that he who experiences for another man a friendship, exactly proportioned to the merit of this latter, is a friend? Does not feeling really begin above this standard? If avarice were simply the love of wealth, based on a consideration of its practical utility, almost everybody would be avaricious. The true miser, however, is the man who loves wealth more than other men do, more than utility and reason demand.

Thus, love would seem to be: that which makes us love objects or persons more than their lovable qualities demand, that which makes us love them even when they are not lovable at all—in a word, that which, in a system of volitions and desires, cannot be justified by reasoning. It is not enough to say that love is blind; it is blindness itself, a disproportion between the real value of an object and the effort made to possess it. Error forms part of its very nature: if it deceived neither itself nor us in the slightest, it would be mistaken for reasonable will or for pure need. A certain madness is needed for loving—even God. The presence of love is revealed by an unbalanced judgment. All love permits something gratuitous; it attributes worth to

things that have none, or adds additional worth to those that have.

And so reason cannot possibly explain it by the qualities of an object. It can explain in love only what is not love. It sees the sum received—not the mysterious exchange which causes a vastly superior sum to be given back. The cause of love in no way lies in the nature of its object: on the contrary, it defines and values its object at its own good pleasure.

LOVE IS A WILLING

Neither is it, whatever quietists may say and in spite of certain appearances, a kind of being taken, but far rather a kind of taking. The man in love endeavours to possess the object he loves, to appropriate to himself an object which was distinct from him, and which, rightly or wrongly, he regards as suitable for himself. What he feels is, at first, a thirst, a desire, a conquering and overpowering will. And so love appears as an action of the soul that erroneously regards itself as a passion. In reality, it is neither passive nor tranquil, it is ever reaching forward to a goal it pursues: an élan, an effort, a willing.

THE SUBJECTIVE ORIGIN OF THIS WILLING.
THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LOVE AND ANTHROPOLOGY.

This willing is by no means explained by the nature of the object it wills; consequently, it must

be explained by that of the subject who wills. The errors of our feelings and their gratuitous character prevent us from enquiring why a lovable object is loved and cause us to enquire why a non-lovable object is loved. Such is the true position of the problem! The cause of love cannot be in the universe, since love is irrational; therefore it must be found in the nature of the self: soul and body. Love is an élan which is explained by the nature of the man in love.

Thus we must resign ourselves to an imperfect understanding of our feelings. Individuals are too different from one another for us to be able to understand all the sources of any given love. One can anticipate with considerable probability the desires of animals because the species possesses such efficacy over animals that variations between individuals may frequently be neglected. It is not the same with human beings, in whom distinctions are far more pronounced. And at the bottom of all human love there remains something inexplicable which corresponds to what there is unique in the individual who feels it. All the same, there is such a thing as anthropology, there are laws valid for all And, first, those that result from the fact that man is a certain animal, subject to biological laws with which we ought to try to become better acquainted and which we are sure to find applied in the psychology of love as in all psychology. Beneath each feeling, therefore, it is natural and right to try and find a need. Do the relations between soul and body seem too obscure? Of course man is subject to psychological—as well as to physiological—laws. And the first of these psychological laws is that he loves himself and seeks his own happiness. The psychology of love, therefore, both can and should proceed along the path opened up by Epicurus. Beneath each feeling it will find an interest which the feeling endeavours to satisfy. "Regulus, marching to death, was obedient to interest," because Regulus was a man and all men are obedient to interest. It remains but to discover what interest impelled Regulus in this special case.

And so the psychology of love is based on the particular psychology of the individual in so far as it is an art, and on anthropology in so far as it would be a science. To study the love of Mr. X... we must first study Mr. X... his own distinctive personality, his "history," and so we shall understand the nature of the feeling he experiences. Thus, and with good reason, proceed all good novelists. Knowing Julien Sorel or Fabrice del Dongo, we shall understand their love for Mme. de Rénal or for Clelia Conti. If we would study the feelings of man qua man, we must appeal to anthropology, which will make a summary of his bodily needs, his mental constitution, etc. It will be able to supply us with principles of classification in an order of

increasing complexity and decreasing generality. Sex and age, race and climate, education and temperament, will throw so much additional light upon love. There is one love of the man of eighteen, a Catholic nobleman, living in Milan, of a bilious temperament; and another love of the man of forty, a Protestant plebeian, living in London, of a sanguine temperament. Without even considering them in their biological aspect, the needs of men, regarded solely from the psychological point of view, vary according to circumstances. Anthropology will note these variations from which we can readily deduce those of sensibility. Indeed, love being but the need to enjoy wrapped away under "many mysteries," friendship being but a manifestation of the need to speak, patriotism of the need of society and security . . . and, one may say, if we deal more freely with religious subjects, the love of God being but a manifestation of the need to hope . . . we shall be in a position to foresee, grosso modo, the birth, intensity and death of feelings when we know that the needs to which they correspond are about to increase, diminish or disappear. As hope is more necessary to a sick old man than to a healthy youth, it is likely that the former will be the one to draw the nearer to religion. It is the same with all other loves.

As we see, love can be explained without bringing in either the nature or the merit of its object. It is

distinct from this object which in no way gave it birth and whose changes or disappearance do not inflict death upon it.

THE CREATION OF ITS OBJECT BY LOVE

Love exists both before its object and after it. Of course, ordinary experience and vulgar introspection know love only as supplied with an object, just as they know thought only under the species of concept. It is probable, all the same, that thought exists independently of words. And in the same way does not Cherubino's craving to love no matter what . . . do not the vague and ever changing sylphs that people the erotic day-dreams of youth . . . give one the idea of a love which does not vet appear to be in love with anything? A somewhat intuitive analysis will have but little difficulty in understanding the creative activity of sentimental will, before the appearance of the object which this activity transforms, or creates. Will not novelists be able to make us feel that feverish anxiety of the man who is about—like a new Adam—to draw a woman out of his own substance . . . and perhaps a God? . . . the thrill of an amorous will on the point of self-determination? In Hindu dramas, a tingling sensation in the arm is a sign that you are about to meet the woman you will love. . . . Has not psychology more certain portents than this? A somewhat refined consciousness feels love, independently of its object, before it knows its object or has ever met it.

The distinction appears still clearer when the will ceases to transfigure the object and the latter is suddenly revealed as a real nonentity. Suddenly intuition, so vaunted by poets and Platonists, becomes dimmed. There remains by our side only a sort of corpse to which we see that nothing but our desires and dreams had communicated a spark of life. An old-time observation adequately expressed by the mythical Lamiæ! Still, is it certain that, once the object has suddenly been despoiled of its prestige, love does not continue? Do not these dislikes and aversions frequently arise from the fact that, love overleaping the object it had fixed for itself, there is revealed a manifest disproportion between them. Is Don Juan's desire incessantly dying and being born anew? Or more probably is it not the same desire that continues to illuminate the object so long as this object is before it, and leaves it in the shade to illuminate another object as soon as it reaches this other; not that it now sees it better or is "deceived," but because its nature is not to stop; not that the subsequent object "attracts" more, but because this object finds itself henceforth within the cluster of the rays projected by this continuous and progressive desire?

And does not jealousy, which so often continues when love has vanished, indicate that love no more

ends with a correct estimate of its object than it began with a knowledge of that object? It transcends them in both directions, as the scale of luminous vibrations transcends the spectrum of the colours visible to the human eye. Experience itself, as we see, warns us how slight is the part played in love by its professed object. The profound bitterness which disillusioned love leaves in the heart is probably owing to the fact that it is there still and we do not know what to do with it, having once discovered that these sublimized objects were but empty canvases on which our hopes and aspirations happened to be painted. "Our arms are tired of embracing clouds" because the need to embrace is still ours and we do not suspect that everything is cloud.

Let us then separate from love these illusions precious to it, though not indispensable, seeing that it creates them and yet survives. Let us understand that a spontaneous and still naïve love would love nothing, that if there exists pure love, exempt from illusions, it is "that which is hidden away in the depth of the heart and of which we are ignorant ourselves." True love would not recognize, would not feel, itself.

Causeless and objectless, not distinguishing between me and thee, it would glide along outside of time, understanding and consciousness. . . . Its griefs and infirmities come from its decline, from the fact that it sets up—or allows to be set up—a causality or a finality, alike impossible and deceptive, between itself and the universe. Its main fault is that it is an inadequate knowledge, "a joy accompanied by the idea of an external cause," whereas this external cause is capable neither of giving to it nor depriving it of the slightest joy. Not only is love deceived, not only does it deceive us in what it affirms of its object, but it begins to lie as soon as it affirms that it has an object. Here is the fundamental error of love, that from which the rest proceed.

SENTIMENTAL SUBJECTIVISM AND PHILOSOPHICAL IDEALISM

Here too we must explain. How comes it love does not offer itself to consciousness for what it is in reality, that it attributes to itself an external cause from which it claims to proceed, when it is really an élan of the subject? Why is it felt as a passion, seeing that it is an action? The problem of love was here connected with that of knowledge by a fairly clear and manifest relationship.

Indeed, philosophical idealism had to give hearty support to sentimental subjectivism. Between feeling and its object, doubt as to the very reality of that object created a fresh separation. Idealism accustomed men's minds to distinguish the object from its representation in the self, which alone matters. It made uncertain whether the woman we love and think we see exists independently of what our mind adds thereto. It cannot seriously be doubted that there is a reality behind phenomena. But, if this reality is beyond the limits of our knowledge, we must resign ourselves to loving only phenomena, representations which are at the same time the thing and ourselves, though to what extent we do not know. To Socrates' question: "Is love the love of some thing or the love of nothing?" modern philosophy replied: "We cannot know this. Consequently it is wiser to think that it is the love of nothing."

Kantian criticism enabled us to understand why and how love attributes to itself an object and imagines itself caused by this object. It is the great law of the human mind to misinterpret what it adds to its own experience. We see things only in the a priori forms of our sensibility; we think them only in the categories of our understanding; but for this very reason we forget the part played by these forms and categories, and we imagine that our representations correspond exactly to reality. The error of love is the same as that of the mind. The latter believes itself determined by the things upon which it imposes its laws; the former believes itself determined by its object, which it transforms, or creates for its own use.

Having profited by Kant's criticism, sentimental

subjectivism was able to profit by Fichte's idealism. Love creates its object, as the self creates the non-self, in order to apprehend itself, "de se poser en s'opposant." Its pseudo-object would appear to be necessary to love, because without it love can neither know itself nor manifest itself.

IDEALISM AND MODERN SENSIBILITY

Kantian and post-Kantian idealism was destined greatly to transform the former subjective theories of feeling to which it supplied such powerful doctrinal support.

It is very difficult to discover how much, as regards sensibility, the romantic revolution is indebted to idealism, all the more so as the "new philosophy" was frequently misunderstood, and, besides, one can always dispute as to the "true originality" or the "genuine spirit" of a period. It would appear, nevertheless, that idealism developed a sort of agonized scepticism. Man began to doubt if he were not alone in an empty world. Certainly Descartes or Berkeley might as naturally as Kant have inspired this doubt; though, as a matter of fact, it was Kant who did inspire it. The idea that there was no occasion to seek for a relationship between love and its object ceased to be an abstract notion, a thing that one reads or says without believing it, and became, to some extent, an idea that was felt. Terror was expressed regarding this

"solitude of human bodies." Whereas, however, sentimental subjectivism had been inspired by a certain distrust of love, and by the desire to show man that he can resist love, which, proceeding from him, must also depend on him, romanticism, from the same doctrinal data, concluded that man gave himself up to feelings more fully than the quietists did. It considered that, while the feelings acquire no value from an object with a non-existent basis, they have considerable value as regards the self, which henceforth became the sole reality. All love is an error which its salutary effect on the person who feels it ought to justify.

It may therefore be acknowledged as a boon, if the subject finds it such. To all criticisms of our love we have the right to reply in the name of Epicureanism: "I seek my voluptuousness wherever I find it, wherein I act like everyone else"; and in the name of idealism: "I know my heart; I alone can judge whether it is good, and what is good for it. Should it be true that the woman I love is a prostitute, the love I bear her is still sublime and sacred. It is absolutely as valuable to me as is to Andromache the love she bestows on Hector." After all, to be wise is not the main thing; how is that possible, since we cannot know anything? The one essential is to exalt and to feel as much as possible this self, the fulcrum of the universe.

Sentimental objectivism also, born of opposition

to freedom, regarding as inadmissible a love which the universe imposes on us without our consent, culminates not in determinism but in radical fatalism, if we come to think that the self is given once for all. No external chance any longer makes up for this ultimate chance which forms the innate constitution of the individual, against which constitution no opposition is possible, since everything takes place as though it alone existed.

IDEALISM AND PESSIMISM REGARDING THE NATURE OF LOVE

Contemporary thought is, if possible, even more imbued with sentimental idealism than is romantic thought. It does not think that love can attain its object, it does not think it really has an object. But whereas the romantics ended in optimism, in a "let us love, whatever happens" and ascribed to the self that faith in the universe which they had lost, contemporaries seem rather to incline towards sentimental pessimism. M. Proust regards love as a disease of the person. And it seems difficult not to agree that he is right. "Vital lies"—even uttered with Promethean gestures—are anything but satis-We cannot accept as objects of life phantoms projected by us on to a vacuum. If we know that God does not exist, we must acknowledge it and cease to love God. If love is a snare and a delusion, we cannot admit that anyone should

come along and proclaim it a beatitude. Besides, our cowardice would be of no use to us. Since we are not alone on earth—though we may be isolated thereon—since the object represented by us is also for others a representation and we are one for it, the time will inevitably come when we shall discover the gulf between that which we believed and that which is. We shall be undeceived, even in despite of ourselves! If love is indeed a falsehood, the best we can do is to free ourselves from it by the study of truth, to accept the remedy that idealism places alongside of the evil it reveals, to consider that these women, friends, gods, are but manifold illusions, changing and condemned to change. In this way we may hope to detach ourselves from them. Nature will be for us a kind of snare or trap into which we shall cease to fall. And, in default of mystical effusions, we shall be blessed with the happy ataraxia of Stoic sages. We shall be as mindful as we can of our evil, and, if it is too painful, shall at all events regard it as an evil and wait until it heals. We shall not call it a state of health.

Sentimental idealism may be satisfied with optimism or with pessimism as regards the self. It remains, however, all the time, pessimism as regards things. An unbridled individualist up to the stage of romanticism, or a resigned individualist up to that of stoicism, it is applicable to a multitude of

doctrines. But we must agree with it at the outset "that there are no gods or else they do not concern themselves with human affairs," and that therefore man should never place his trust in the world about him. This idealism becomes optimism only if we regard man as strong enough to dispense with the world—to oppose it, if need be. It has against it all the arguments of theism, and for it all those of atheism.

PHILOSOPHICAL DIFFICULTIES OF IDEALISM

In pure philosophy, the objections which idealism cannot elude are due to the many and uncertain notions of the "self" on which it rests. We can easily prove that it solves none of the problems set by love, without offering in the person the same problem in a different form. Why does the self become an object for itself? Whence comes that multiplicity in the self set before us as essentially one? What are the relations between the self and the pseudo-object created by it? Because it does not answer these questions and a multitude of similar ones, idealism will be subject to the reproach of having offered none but verbal solutions. It will have made on such words as subject, person, I. individual, a series of puns which a somewhat strict criticism will have no great difficulty in pointing out.

This criticism will show that it considers the self, now as a real subject, now as an object over against

the subject. We may even enquire whether, in fact, idealism does not secretly attribute to itself the things with which it claims to dispense-and whether it is not because of them that it sets up that reality of the self in the name of which it repudiates them. Taking as an example M. Proust's novel, if Odette de Crécy is but a representation and a desire of Swann, Swann is knowable by others and by himself only because of these representations and these desires. Odette is "she whom Swann loves," and Swann is "he who loves Odette." Will it be said that Swann is but a representation of "I"? But. then, M. Léon Daudet has clearly shown that in M. Proust's novel "I" exists only in so far as it represents Swann, and the other characters. Hence idealism makes very doubtful the reality of the self on which it is based. An historical investigation would clearly show that for every step forward in idealism there corresponds a recrudescence of difficulties in the problem of the person—which modern psychology has thus, as we shall see, made it impossible to solve.

Criticism, moreover, once called on to pronounce upon love, cannot be content with separating love from its object. It must make a distinction between love as produced by the self and love as experienced by the self,—contrasted by the self with itself. The simple fact of saying: "My love . . ." implies this distinction. While the object we think we love

is but a phenomenon, the love we think we experience is none the less a phenomenon, a view caught by the self through the categories of the understanding and the forms of the sensibility. The love, then, offered to us by experience, is not true love—supposing such love exists. We can scarcely protect love from Kant's criticism unless we cause to be recognized, under experimental "phenomenal" love, the existence of a more elementary, an immediate unconscious love, which the subject would attribute neither to an object nor to himself, which he would neither suspect nor feel: in short, a love that remained distinct from all phenomenal knowledge. And so we come back to the conception of a loveless love, held by German and Hindu mystics. . . . Otherwise, it is to be feared that love is nothing more than a manner of speaking, a mode of discoursing to others and to oneself, a view caught of the noumenal reality by thought, which alone is guilty of so much error and suffering because of the mania it has of willing a universe distinct from itself. What we call our feelings are perhaps simply phantoms. And we may say that they cease to be real for the simple reason that they seem real to us.

PSYCHOLOGICAL DIFFICULTIES. MUTUAL LOVE

Psychology cannot attribute to these dialectical controversies more than a very restricted interest. They speedily assume a metaphysical aspect. No

doubt it would be best for psychology to leave the metaphysicians to grapple with the difficulties they have created. The idealists are quite right in wishing to explain feelings by the subject experiencing them. Perhaps there is no method capable of revealing a greater number of interesting facts. It would justify itself by the results obtained, if it did not succeed in justifying itself a priori. Psychology cannot repudiate subjectivist doctrines; it has never dreamt of doing so. In making itself very dogmatic, however, and being determined to proscribe every other method in the name of a disputable metaphysics, idealism has created for psychology serious difficulties—which impose on it a certain reserve in that direction.

If indeed we admit that idealistic theories are the only true ones, that all feeling comes from the self and from it alone, how will it be possible to explain mutual love? Starting with sentimental errors, and having always contrasted them with realistic and optimistic ones, subjectivism requires that all feeling should be an error, a drama which the self plays with itself without being aware of the fact. It is thus led to deny any mutuality in love. For, if Romeo's love for Juliet and Juliet's love for Romeo are one and the same love wherein both share (and manifestly that is what they affirm), then we must admit:

(1) That neither Romeo nor Juliet is deceived;

(2) That Romeo's love cannot be completely explained by Romeo's person, but that there is needed something more, coming from Juliet or from elsewhere.

Now, these two conditions are not compatible with a radical subjectivism.

Rather than modify or attenuate its doctrine, subjectivism, as we may imagine, will seek to contest the fact. It will say that, in reality, reciprocal love differs from unhappy love only by a misunderstanding. This is one more error to add on to the rest! Indeed, Romeo's love for Juliet bears no relation whatsoever to Juliet's love for Romeo. Each of them loves only representations which, after all, as is well known, cannot correspond to any real object. If therefore, in order to approach nearer to the truth, we are willing to abandon a few conveniences of current language, we should have to distinguish between the Romeo whom Juliet loves and the Romeo who loves Juliet, for they are confused only through an unlucky homonymy. The type of love is still the same:

"A young man loves a maiden Who for another sighs."

It may happen, however, as an exceptional event, that the youth A and the youth B have the same name and the same external appearance. Youth and maiden then imagine they "love each other."

At bottom, it is one of those stories so dear to the writers of classic comedies. A youth and a maiden deceive one another, for each of them loves only self through another being than he or she imagines. And they will be undeceived. The result will make clearer this distinction, which appears a subtle one. M. François de Curel shows us on the stage a man who finally discovers that what his wife loves is, not himself, but a "beautiful image," simply nominal and unrelated to himself. In a purely idealistic psychology, sentimental rciprocity is unintelligible. Wishing only to analyze the subject, this psychology has of necessity to be unconscious of the couple. It is incapable of depicting a man and a woman at the same time. It can depict them only before their union or after they have again separated. For it must envisage love either in the amant (and then the woman will be but a mental state of the man) or else in the amante (and then it is the man who will lose all reality). The novels inspired by psychological idealism make this necessity very clear. Should some idealistic novelist wish to depict a man and a woman in the same perspective, he has no other resource than to write two distinct novels which he will combine as best he can by some intrigue or other, though after all, in spite of the author's ingenuity, they will still appear separate. Most subjectivist novelists evade these difficulties by choosing a protagonist, to whom all the other characters are resolutely kept subordinate. For instance, in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre—a great idealistic novel—the heroines acquire their reality, often feeble enough, only from their relation to Wilhelm. They would appear to issue successively from this gigantic Wilhelm, like the characters from the clock of Strasbourg Cathedral at noon, when it strikes twelve. For Goethe to have been able to write a novel—Die Wahlverwandtschaften—introducing four characters without subordinating any one of them to the rest, his conception of love must have been radically modified; he must have seen in it something more than an expansion of the self.

Whether we are dealing with doctrinal discussions or æsthetical applications, sentimental subjectivism exacts that love should not be shared and that the couple should not have any real existence. As we have seen, those philosophies that tried to discover an objective cause for love found themselves in difficulties from the fact that love is not always mutual. They were led to say that love is not deceived—even when it thinks it is—that it is never so unhappy as it imagines: "Thou wouldst not seek me hadst thou not already found me." On the other hand, the philosophies that aim at explaining love by the self alone are embarrassed by the fact that it is sometimes shared. In reality, they invite us to repudiate or to forget these experi-

ences, to say that love is deceived when it thinks itself happy, and that all its fine sayings at the moment are of no real importance.

While sentimental reciprocity, however, appears somewhat infrequent, when it does exist it is too pronounced for psychology to fail to take account of such important experiences. It must maintain them at all costs, all the more so because on them is based the conception of love which men have. These few luminous points determine the ideal line which, to our mind, outlines its form. We cannot speak of charity and omit all mention of Saint Francis of Assisi or Saint Theresa; of sexual love without thinking of Tristan and Ysolde; of friendship without remembering Nisus and Euryalus, or Montaigne and La Boétie. Now we know full well that the friendship of Montaigne for La Boétie and that of La Boétie for Montaigne are not two friendships blended together in some verbal confusion—but a single friendship belonging to neither but common to both. We are quite aware that, in mutual love, what is given cannot be distinguished from what is received. Tristan's love for Ysolde would by no means be what it is if Ysolde did not love Tristan-or if Ysolde were non-existent. Wagner might retain the music of his First Act, but not that of his duos. In reality, Tristan's love for Ysolde contains Ysolde's love for him, and vice versa.

The identity of their mental states—which the melody makes so perceptible—tells us clearly enough that this concord is not an illusion. And if instead of considering a lover and his mistressor a mystic and his god—we observe a wider group: an assemblage of citizens celebrating a patriotic festival—or of worshippers at a communion service -the parallelism of emotions in each proceeding along a single rhythm, we shall never explain it by the improbable consonance of so many different souls, forever separate from one another. These harmonies are not due to chance. They evidently result from the fact that all the individuals are then subject to one and the same force that is "mediatory of their union," love or friendship, patriotism or faith.

If radical subjectivism spoke true, we should never hear choruses but only fugues, voices that blend and seek one another, that intertwine without confusion. But we have all heard choruses, and we have seen couples and groups. Reciprocity—sentimental reversibility—is a fact. Though one were to pile up a mass of contrary facts, the richest collection of elegies would not prevent the existence of epithalamia. And psychological truth is not determined by majorities. . . . These experiences—less seldom perhaps than we think, for it is in the nature of love to repudiate it when we cease to feel it—are sufficient to compel us to recognize that in feel-

ings there is something that cannot in any way be explained by the self alone.

Descartes saw clearly that reciprocity of feelings is the precise limit at which a series of explanations ceases to have validity, and others must be sought. "The principal boon of life," he wrote to Chanut, "being our friendship with certain people, we are right to prefer those with whom we are linked by secret inclinations, provided we discover merit in them also. Except when these inclinations spring from the mind and not from the body, I believe they ought always to be followed, and the principal sign by which they may be recognized is that those which come from the mind are mutual —a thing which does not often happen in the case of the others." And again: "I now pass to your question regarding the causes that frequently incite us to love one person rather than another before we know anything of their merits. I note two, the one mental and the other bodily. The former presupposes so many things dealing with the nature of our souls that I should not dare to undertake to deduce them in a letter." He did not explain himself further. We only know that, in the case of Descartes, what no longer belongs to the body does not belong to the person, since this latter results from the union of the soul with the body. These two tests make probable the thought in our minds that, in Descartes' mind, the Traité des

Passions examines but one half of affective psychology—and that, if other cares, perhaps other fears, had not stopped him, he would have given us a theory of mutual and spiritual love wherein he would perhaps mainly have examined the love of God, which he felt, as we well know, though the Traité des Passions does not speak of it. It would be very presumptuous, in the present state of our knowledge, to insist on reconstructing this vanished theory—which would doubtless have enabled the post-Cartesian philosophers to shun many excesses and errors. . . Enough for us the distinction between mutual love which comes from the body, and non-mutual love which comes from the soul.

We must be resigned to see, both in realism and in idealism, not so much doctrines as methods. Neither the one nor the other is acceptable, qua doctrine. The first is optimism at all costs, which repudiates evil and finally ceases to recognize it—the second is pessimism at all costs, which repudiates good, even when it is there before its eyes. Sentimental reality can in no way reconcile itself with these cut-and-dry theories and will always set a host of denials against these bold explanations. As methods, on the other hand, they have always been—and are still being—successfully tried. After all, realism leads us to seek the relation between love

and the nature of things; idealism to seek the relation between love and the nature of the self. They take us some distance along the way; and so enable us to advance and see perspectives which would otherwise escape our ken. They also leave us before the bar of metaphysical possessions. For metaphysics alone can say—if it knows—the final nature of things, the ultimate nature of the self.

Nor has psychology,—not having to make itself subservient to any particular metaphysics,—to deprive itself of either of these methods to the advantage of the other. It should use either indifferently, accordingly as one of them seems more suitable for the particular problem it sets itself. And it is natural that realism should better explain the recurrence of love, and idealism the painful solitude of the lover.

It would therefore seem impossible to regard either self or things as the sole origin of love. It can be satisfactorily explained neither by the latter nor by the former. Thus, love must have several causes, a state of things which gives but poor satisfaction to the human mind—or else it must have one cause, which is neither its subject nor its object. It is advisable to ascertain whether its origin may not be found apart from the one and the other—where the distinction between them has not yet been made.

CHAPTER III

BIOLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS

LOVE AND VITAL TENDENCIES

THE partial failure of the attempts made to explain love, either by the object alone or by the subject alone, was inevitable—if we admit with Kant that subject and object imply and presuppose each other.

It may be affirmed that the whole post-Kantian philosophy aimed at seeking after a force, a movement that would elude Kant's criticism, explain both subject and object, men and things, and be prior to the moment when object and subject become distinct.

This metaphysical force: "effort," "evolution," "will," "life," "élan"... etc., that which in psychology most resembles it, is perhaps tendency. Tendency is interior to the self—and yet it is prior to the self which, without it, could neither constitute nor maintain itself. It goes beyond the self. While the self does not exist apart from tendency, the latter does exist apart from the former. Tendency is found in the whole of animal and vegetable

nature. Should we not expect to find in it the explanation of love? Moreover, does it not resemble love? The latter, too, appears before us as a movement-which seems to have an object, though it transcends every object, once it has attained it. Love also is accompanied with pleasure and pain. . . . So it is quite natural that we should wonder if the various feelings—the manifold forms of love -might not themselves be tendencies, clad in a few intellectual rags which, after analysis, it will be an easy matter to remove from them. The question as to whether they originate in the self or in the object would then be solved: for it would be proved to be a pseudo-problem. Indeed, it may be said that tendency is subject: without a tendency to be, to preserve, increase and reproduce itself, there is no individuality possible. It is also possible to say that tendency is object-since it exists apart from the self, since the self feels it everywhere, either helping or hindering, and since, under the apparent diversity of reality, it feels perhaps nothing but tendency, its favour or its hostility.

The question of the reciprocity of feelings, which seemed so embarrassing to Descartes, would be a simple problem in mechanics—which this great mechanist had not seen. Two forces, A and B, will be in the same direction or in opposite directions. In the former case, the love expressing these two forces will be mutual; in the second case, it cannot

be mutual. It is thus natural and simple that reciprocity should exist, and yet that this should be noted but seldom as a fact. We shall likewise explain why love is so powerful: a power that one can almost measure. We shall understand that it is inevitable and yet painful. Finally, we shall make perceptible this continuity between man and nature -so dear to the thought of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—the loves of man continuing by a process of ever more complex spiritualization the love of vegetables and animals. By this fortunate hypothesis, we shall satisfy both the need of causality (physiology becoming the general cause of psychology) and the need of finality (the feelings having an object, capable of justifying themselves before us, in the name of the most evident necessities of our life).

FEELINGS AND TENDENCIES

Attempts have been made to reduce each feeling to a tendency corresponding to it.

The first step in this direction is to resume on one's own account the analyses of the Epicureans and the idealists—by suppressing the word, self. Instead of saying: "Ambition is the effort of the self towards expansion in society," we shall say: "Ambition is the hypertrophy of the social tendency." Instead of saying: "Gluttony is the love of food as regards the self," we shall say: "Gluttony is a higher manifestation of the nutritive tend-

ency." A timid reform: to all appearance, a vain dispute! In reality, everything is found to be changed. We have broken with individualistic pride; and once more we try to find the essence and origin of love in the nature of things, not in that of man. Love once more becomes a passing of the universe through the soul of man. We no longer doubt the object, but rather the mind. And, though at first sight these doctrines resemble those of the idealists, they are more closely linked with those of the realists.

These reductions, however, are occasionally subject to certain difficulties. Indeed, it happens that feeling, instead of favouring the tendency from which it proceeds, impedes it. And so, gluttony, extremely complicating our nutritive tendency, makes it more difficult to satisfy. Actually in L'Avare, the maxim, "One must eat to live," is offered as a check—not as an exhortation—to gluttony. In the same way, the friendship which expresses the tendency of society may check the play of this tendency. We withdraw from the world with "a friend in solitude"; we make use of our friend to set up greater opposition to the "barbarians."

Love and the reproductive tendency.—The feeling which seemed as though it must lend itself best to this reduction was perhaps sexual love. Schopenhauer attempted it, in well-known passages of his

works. Since his time, there has been an entire literature attempting to prove the fundamental identity of love and the sexual instinct, of the sexual instinct and the reproductive tendency. We slowly resume the "processus de la cour" whereof generation is the visible goal, from the humblest animals up to man. The success of these theories was very great: first because they fitted in with naturalistic preoccupations—in vogue ever since the days of Lamarck and Darwin-and even more, if possible, because, in spite of their materialistic and learned appearance, they supplied lyricism with admirable themes! Finally, there was seen the great cosmic figure of love, a god more ancient than Jupiter, without whom Jupiter would not be possible. And so those eternal invocations which poets, when dealing with love, make of flowers and dovesand of the whole earth-corresponded to a more and more clearly defined "scientific" reality. Erotic transformism was capable of appealing to Hesiod and to the Vedas-as well as to Darwin! In addition, these theories offered a strangely eloquent justification of love. To love is to listen to the voice of the universe itself, to obey the inevitable rule of the whole of nature, which none can resist. Indeed, to oppose it is to annihilate being itself. . . . Love is even more sacred than the life it conditions. .

Failure of the Schopenhauerian theory.—This

doctrine must have been a very satisfactory one for the clearest experimental data to have been neglected on its account. Indeed, we can by no means see that sexual love creates products of the greatest quantity or even of the best quality. Breeders of animals are well aware that, if they wish to improve a race or to retain its purity, they must maintain an incessant struggle against sexuality which would debase it. Besides, if love is an order of the genius of the species, how are we to understand why it is not always mutual? How can we comprehend that an exasperated sexual tendency should prevent from getting married healthy young girls who remain virgins for love's sake—a contradiction in the very terms if we define love as being the sexual instinct? Inversions and perversions also, under such hypotheses, bring before us problems impossible to solve, unless with Schopenhauer—though against all likelihood—we acknowledge trickery on the part of the genius of the species: trickery all the more improbable seeing that, as a matter of fact, both inverts and perverts prove themselves not unfitted for procreation—and are sometimes the parents of fine children. Facts sufficiently prove that sentimental love opposes the reproductive tendency quite as much as it favours it. It considerably restricts the free play which "foreseeing nature" had given to this tendency. Sentimental love goes so far as to deny the sexual instinct in the case of platonic

love. And the sexual instinct denies the reproductive tendency by perversions and inversions. In the civilized world which alone is known to us (for from this point of view "primitives" are themselves "civilized") it appears no more true to say: "Love is a manifestation of the reproductive tendency" than to say: "Love is an effort to turn aside from its object the reproductive tendency." Nietzsche's famous saying that to love a woman is to desire a child by her would seem to be a bachelor's improvisation which only the passional extravagances of Auguste Comte would confirm.

From these observations, which could easily be multiplied, it was necessary to appeal to a primitive truth, anterior to the observed world. It was therefore maintained, under the persistent influence of Rousseauism, that society, as well as the thought of civilized mankind, was responsible for these blunders in tendencies. Our present-day experience is a corrupt experience, one that does not count, for we have warped nature. If we but return to her, we shall regain the innocent purity of primitive love, of the reproducing tendency in its simple state.

A minute study, however, of the elementary forms of the sexual instinct will show that perversions exist throughout the whole of animal nature. They are found even in the so-called "lower" animals. Remy de Gourmont wrote on the physics of love to show that man had effected scarcely a single

innovation, that the subordination of sexuality to generation was never absolute—and that nature was incessantly being caught in its own "snare," even when mind and civilization, as yet unborn, left it free. More than this, the analyses of Freud and his disciples prove that "normal" love, subordinated to the generating tendency, is rather an ideal, an imperative need of civilized man. "Taboos" by no means come from nature nor from sexuality left to itself—mostly incestuous and frequently inverted.

The really complete failure of these teleologies of sexual love makes it very difficult to pursue the reduction of feelings to tendencies.

LOVE AND LIFE. LOVE AND GOODNESS. THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL POSTULATE

Still, while it is not possible to find beneath each feeling a tendency that exactly corresponds to it, while we must give up imposing too rigorous schemes on nature which frequently more or less transcends them, can we not try to include feelings and tendencies in one common origin? It is true that the causality between feelings and tendencies does not appear rigid enough for the mind. Nevertheless, the resemblances noted between them continue to exist. This relation between sexual love and the reproductive tendency, between love in general and life in general, while not a relation of causality, cannot all the same be repudiated or disregarded.

Without encroaching too far into the realm of metaphysics, will not psychology say: "Feelings, tendencies and person express one and the same reality—a 'positive' reality—these are manifestations of the effort of being towards being, 'of the taste or inclination that life always has for life'? I feel here, somewhat confusedly no doubt, though with intimate certainty, an *identity*, the identity of a movement that is split up and inconsistent when observed at fixed stages and moments—though it is none the less the same movement."

Whether called will or élan, or will to power, or evolution, psychology need not discuss the relative worth of these different expressions. Neither need it know whether this elementary movement is mostly physical—or vital—or spiritual. The only thing that is important is to remember that love proceeds eternally in the direction of life; that, between love and life, there would seem to exist so close a relationship that they can scarcely be distinguished when examined with sufficient intensity. Person and love are products of one and the same force. Love is "that whereby men live." No doubt being and loving come to the same thing. Sexual love is a desire to be more than one is, to extend one's life to a woman or a child. Is not the love of God also a desire to be more than one is and for a longer period? Is not the love of fatherland a desire for expansion in space and time? Is not ambition a desire for expansion in society? Does not egoism, after all, express the will to be and to retain one's individuality? This is truth as seen by the Epicurean psychologists. They were mistaken only in attempting to explain by this tendency all other tendencies and feelings, and in not understanding that it proceeds, for the same reason as the other tendencies and without any special privilege, from one identical source.

Therefore we shall not follow them in their occasionally excessive subtilties regarding amourpropre. We shall simply recognize in all the yearnings of the heart a vital "positive" tendency—which it is for metaphysics or the sciences to make more definite. Man, nature, love: these are divers moments of the same Trieb, that Trieb whose dialectic Goethe attempted to follow up in Faustus and in Wilhelm Meister. The Trieb also assumes many forms, both egoistic and altruistic: it is to cause both the seduction of Margaret and the social lahours of the second Faust. It is to cause also the redemption of Faust; for this force, one productive of error and crime, must finally become blended with the good, seeing that it sustains and gives life to the world.

And so love has a meaning, an object, eternally the same: the love of life for life. To love life in one's self is the basis of all egoistic feeling. To love life in others and in the universe is the basis

of all altruistic feeling. The true origin of loveif one must be assigned to it—is the goodness which seeks to safeguard and intensify the life around oneself. We shall find the two poles of feeling in egoism, on the one hand; and, on the other, in religion, the most perfect attempt of man to affirm life throughout the universe. The petition: "Thy kingdom come!" means: "Let being be as much as possible in the world! Let life triumph as much as possible over death!" Religion is ever the love of life. When narrow and restricted, it clings to immortality. When it widens out, it wants the kingdom of God. It no longer asks for the immortality of the person except in terms of the ultimate triumph of good over evil, of life over death and nothingness—a triumph which it expects, proclaims and prepares.

Most feelings combine this love of life qua our own life, and of life outside of ourselves. Sexual life aims at an extension of the self. It is a passion for self-propagation—and for enduring—and also, as La Rochefoucauld says—a passion for reigning: an ambition that would concentrate itself on a single person. But it is none the less a desire that this person should be—a joy which the one in love experiences in contemplating, conserving, increasing this existence if possible—like a religion confined to a single person.

Man always loves that which expresses and in-

creases life. He loves trees and flowers, young animals, cultivated products, buildings. It appears as though he would like to add being to being.

A powerful love seems an explosion of life triumphing over an obstacle made up of something dead. Consider the plays of Shakespeare—or those of Molière. Love stands confronted with prejudice, pedantry, old age; it triumphs over them, as does the rushing stream over the pebble in its bed.

Sentimental reciprocity is the harmony of the various forms of life with one another. Hatred and sentimental misfortune result from the fact that the various affirmations of life may be contradictory—or that life is frequently oppressed, "the story of an abortion."

Is this word, life, to be taken in a purely physiological sense? It is manifestly difficult to do this. At present we cannot satisfactorily explain by physiology alone all the forms of love. Provisionally, at least, it is advisable to believe in the independence of psychological facts. Science endeavours to reduce the differences and oppositions between its different branches: its natural trend seems to be to explain psychological facts by physiological ones, and the latter by biological chemistry—and this again by physics. . . . Biological chemistry, however, is still in its infancy. An eminent chemist, M. Jacques Duclaux, declares that the books on biological chemistry ought to appear in blank pages, with these

words as heading: "We know nothing; the next edition of this book will be published in twenty

years."

Physiology is thus uncertain of its own foundations, and biology still hesitates between different methods. Suppose psycho-physiology were possible, it is undeniably premature; the thinkers of last century, in their efforts to hasten its coming, have done it ill-service. And so psychology cannot seek for clear relations of cause and effect between tendencies that are ill-defined and feelings that are also ill-defined. But it can and must retain from these doctrines some indication for reducing the feelings it examines to life, considered as a fundamental tendency. It must confront the data at which it arrives with those of physiology, and correct them if need be, in order to maintain between them a necessary harmony which the future will make closer. In default of causal reductions which we must hope will some day be reached, we may affirm that physiology and psychology are both based on one common reality—a certain vital dynamism which may be included in other types of energy. . . . In particular we can point to an identity of meanings and ends and endeavour suitably to replace feelings within this stream—which starts from inanimate nature and culminates in man. It is possible to question the feelings and ask each single one: "Wherein and how dost thou favour life?" The conclusions remain hypothetical, the doctrines vague: the method at all events is definite. It has the great advantage of advancing along lines which seem to be those of scientific thought. It affirms the close relationship between man and the universe. It avoids the artificial divisions of the Cartesians who insist on contrasting man with the animal from which he proceeds, and the soul with the body which conditions it. It anticipates that unity of the world, that ultimate identity of "the eternal axiom" which Taine imagined he heard "resounding from the summits of things" and which science or metaphysics will perhaps discover.

We see how sentimental materialism leads to the vast cosmogonies: a thing which the history of contemporary philosophy sufficiently demonstrates.

In the name of these hopes, of these ever deceived though ever fruitful efforts, of human thought, psychology is invited to accept a method, which after all does not seem to bind it for the present, though it constitutes as it were an act of faith in the future of science—an engagement to subordinate itself some day, when possible, to a physiology that is better known, a biology that is more certain.

Before, however, accepting this method, which for the time being consists in trying to prove that feelings have a vitalistic end, psychology is bound to see whether, in following it, it would give up no experimental datum. It has not to maintain a priori a "spiritualistic" metaphysics, or some particular theory of knowledge. It does not judge whether these great hopes of science are not legitimate. It must envisage without repugnance the reduction of the facts which it dwells on and classifies, to biological facts, just as biologists must not a priori be opposed to the eventual reduction of biological to physical and chemical facts. Before, however, trying to replace all sentimental phenomena in a "vital" and "positive" dynamism, psychology must see whether, along with this positive tendency towards life, there may not be a contrary tendency, and whether it is not required to sacrifice an entire series of experiments important for itself.

CRITICISM OF BIOLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS. THE IDEA OF A NEGATIVE TENDENCY

There is something repulsive to the mind at the idea of a negative tendency. We can scarcely conceive of negation, apart from logic. In mathematics, the notion of a negative quantity is sometimes rather difficult to instil into the minds of beginners. Repulsion is far greater when dealing with philosophy.

In an essay on this question, Kant, although aware of many difficulties, attempted to introduce into philosophy the notion of a negative quantity. First, he distinguished between logical opposition and real opposition, the latter consisting in one and

the same thing being both affirmed and denied of the same object, the former taking place when one of two things causes—not the other—but its consequences to disappear. He also distinguished between real opposition (privatio) and lack (defectus). For instance, a boat may be motionless for lack of motor power, defectus, and also because two forces in opposite directions cancel each other, both prevent it from advancing in either direction (real opposition). Passing to psychology, he showed—as against a host of philosophers—that pain is positive -"the real opposite" of pleasure—and not a simple negation, a mere privation of pleasure. Thus he opened up the field to an entire psychology of aversion and hate, of ugliness and blame—as such and without reducing them to sympathy, love, beauty, approbation-ugliness being no more the lack of beauty than beauty is the lack of ugliness.

In morals, the conclusion he drew from these distinctions was that the sin of omission differs from the sin of commission in degree not in nature. The current which prevents the boat from advancing in the direction in which the wind impels it keeps the boat motionless—because the wind counterbalances its strength; all that is needed is for the wind to drop and then the current drives the boat in its own direction—without any increase of its own strength. In the same way, a good intention can be nullified only by an evil force; it only needs

that the one become weaker or the other stronger for the sin of commission to suceed that of omission. Kant also attempted to show that the past is a negative becoming; absent-mindedness, a negative attention; and that forgetfulness is not a simple weakening of the memory, but, like memory, presupposes mental activity.

These ideas of Kant would not appear to have had much influence upon the ulterior tendencies of philosophy and psychology—perhaps because he did not greatly develop them. Men continued to study the psychology of intelligence without investigating as to what stupidity per se-considered otherwise than as non-intelligence—could be. . . . Bergson and the pragmatists alone have asked themselves why we do not know all, why we do not remember all . . . etc. The old axiom, that which is negative has no being, has continued to dominate men's minds and doubtless to sidetrack many investigations. It is also very embarassing to most philosophers, psychologists and moralists in presence of the many sentimental facts which seem to possess a meaning opposed to that of life.

SUICIDE

The most manifestly disturbing of these facts is suicide. In spite of the extreme ingenuity expended on this problem, there is something that shocks good sense in the theories which claim to explain

voluntary death by the love of life. If the real cause of suicide were cowardice in the presence of pain, it would be difficult to understand why in men, generally preferring "to suffer rather than to die," this preference suddenly ceases. Is it that pain becomes stronger? But we find that men endure, without killing themselves, troubles which seem worse than others on whose account they kill themselves. Is it that the mental resistance becomes weaker? And are we to maintain that suicide is the act of a feeble character? The Stoics did not think so. Moreover, there is something ludicrous in the idea of silly people or boulevard moralists stating that Brutus -or even Werther-was too effeminate. One would think that suicide were forbidden by an unreasonable taboo. And, as it is condemned before being examined, people are content to bring against it the most paltry reasons. Schopenhauer, who was well aware what insignificant reasons were alleged against suicide, did little to remedy things. After saying that suicide shows an unbridled love of life, seeing that it is a revolt against pain—an affirmation very debatable in a philosophy where life and pain are two identical things—he perceives that there are such things as suicides from inanition, and immediately he turns face-about. As though it were possible to find a radical opposition among the various forms of suicide!

Of course, a philosophy of suicide must examine

its aspects one after another, and also the various causes that lead to it. But first of all, and however practised, suicide is none the less a refusal to continue to live, the self's hatred of the self and of the universe of which it is a part. It is an effort to deny and destroy the world—or at all events that image of the world which the self is. In a word, it is exactly what it claims to be: a violently expressed hatred of life. So long as the love of life is the stronger it can make us endure the worst suffering. If, on the other hand, it is hatred that prevails, we shall quickly find that even light troubles are intolerable. Silent is the choir of invisible spirits which exhorts us to maintain the universe at all costs. We find the universe inadmissible. And, as a long stifled feeling finally bursts forth and triumphs, the barriers that opposed it having suddenly broken down, so the tendency driving us towards a state of nothingness gets the mastery and we kill ourselves. Then, however, we discover that this hatred of life had always been there, made up of endless spite and malice, awaiting but a favourable opportunity for manifesting itself.

Suicide is frequently preceded by a period of extreme fatigue, by anything but exasperated vital tendencies. It announces itself by a kind of lassitude or vertigo, like sleep—or fainting. The fact is that this lassitude makes it possible. It indicates a diminution of vitality—a diminution necessary in

order that this tendency may be overcome by the contrary one. This destructive hate does not need that the love of life, external circumstances, should create it—besides, how could love of life repudiate itself? It was enough that this love should be lessened, that we should say: "What's the use?"—should cease to struggle—and then annihilation would win the day. It sufficed to discover the vanity of our efforts—to find out that virtue is but a name—for us to end the fight, for the enemy to triumph. Suicide thus appears as one point—visible and intense—of a force after which we ought to seek, though in less degree and in more intermingled facts.

TOXICOMANIA

The desire to abolish consciousness is one such mania. We do not repudiate life but we should like to be no longer conscious of it, to increase the proportion of sleep, of nothingness. This is evidently the reason why there are so many toxicomaniacs. The majority of them do not appear to find in their poisons that extreme voluptuousness of which writers speak—short-lived and dearly paid delights, as they well know. What they do more certainly obtain is a state of listless drowsiness, a discoloration of things and events, an unreal, padded kind of atmosphere. No more cares, no more ear-splitting noises, no more oppressive fears, no more ennui—

for ennui, as we shall see, is a sign of powerful vital reserves. What the poison is asked to supply is, not more of life, but less of life. "The king of animals," writes M. Chambard, "pays dearly for his power and his supremacy; he is acquainted with grief and with ennui. Therefore he has always and everywhere sought means to escape the consciousness of his wretchedness. 'The poisons of the mind' offer almost inexhaustible resources to the man who wishes to forget life. Morphinism and opiomania would seem, above all else, a desire to sleep. . . ." "The outer world disappears; in morphinism there is nothing more than an interior world, sometimes stormy and frenzied, provoking feverish agitation, sometimes, on the other hand, calm and quiet, forgetting itself in delightful sleep. That which constitutes the charm of this state is that you feel yourself asleep." (Richet quoted by Chambard.)

And indeed, when morphinomaniacs become proselytes and attempt to enroll recruits—as they generally do—they extol their joys; but if you watch them, taking note of any relapse or change for the better, they would appear to seek less their own pleasure than the forgetfulness of some trouble or treachery, some decline or impoverishment . . . etc. It is not avidity, it is rather sadness and melancholy, that drive one to poisons. It seems to me that, if we would form an idea of the seductiveness of poisons, we must think of the desire for sleep.

This desire of sleep—for its own sake—independent of the need of sleep, which overlaps it just as feelings overlap functions—also expresses the inclination for unconsciousness, for a state of nothingness, for a life that would not be too much aware of living. A desire for sleep, which has no thought of the morrow, and does not aim at economizing one's strength: it may happen that one would like to sleep soundly, though well aware that too profound slumber would mean fatigue on the morrow. . . . Still, one does not wish to find in sleep the restoration of one's strength, one wishes for temporary death, a gentle partial suicide. Yes, sleep is the brother of death, and at such moments its seductiveness dwells in this fraternity!

PRE-DEATH EUPHORIA

We are made aware that there exists within us a real and constant desire for death, through the comfortable state brought about in certain cases by the approach of death. The euphoria of drowning persons is well known, as also are the impressions, fairly encouraging on the whole, of those who have been rescued from death. "He" (Mr. Hartley) "was at the bottom of a river in a state of semi-consciousness, in which he imagined he saw his family and friends embracing him and shedding abundant tears. He felt himself drowning, but reflected that it was not painful. . . . There was a hum-

ming in his ears, he thought he heard bells ringing and at the same time imagined he saw wonderful combinations of colours. Then came peace, a peculiar sense of well-being, a 'golden mean' condition, a very pleasant temperature. Then followed darkness, oblivion . . . and nothing more.'

The impressions caused by hemorrhage are altogether similar. Here the euphoria is more certain, because there is no struggle at all, no effort to rise to the surface, no brushing against pebbles or rocks. . . . Blood flows without causing pain. Colours become blurred and lines effaced. Objects are less dense; you would think they lose their power of resistance. Things no longer matter. People move around one like actors on the stage—almost like shadows on a cinema screen. Your relations with them are changed; they can no longer harm you and you can no longer serve them. You experience for them a sort of gentle tenderness which, you are aware, is quite useless and vain.

Your desires are as dreams on awakening from sleep. You feel somehow astonished at being so worried for so slight a cause. . . . To you the whole world is like a dead faint. The charm of being less, of no longer existing, envelops body and soul. Vain regret for things left behind disappears—as a departing traveller sadly watches his friends and the handkerchiefs waved after him, and soon, lulled by the vibrations of the train, catches vague mental

glimpses of the part of the country to which he is speeding. There is no desire for the hemorrhage to stop or for life to begin again. Then comes syncope, complete unconsciousness. . . .

We see that there is truth in the optimistic ideas on death held by the ancients. Perhaps La Rochefoucauld is mistaken when he says that we cannot bear the idea of it? It may be that, if death were despoiled of everything not itself-previous suffering and subsequent anguish—it would appear too seductive? Perhaps we are afraid only of the pain that accompanies it, of our uncertainty of its real nature, of our destination, of the practical consequences of our death-regarded as though we had to continue to be living creatures—rather than of death in itself? It was Metchnikoff's conviction that, if medicine progressed sufficiently to prevent the premature and accidental deaths which, according to him, constitute the deaths of all men, we should welcome death just as, at night-time, we welcome sleep. Besides, who has not sometimes fallen asleep and wished that he might never awake -that he might sleep forever?

It would therefore seem that there is in us a tendency towards death, as there is one towards life; that, apart from the inclination for life, man has a sort of inclination for death. Professor Freud, to whom we are indebted for so many brilliant analyses, regards this negative tendency as a

memory and a regret belonging to intra-uterine existence. Following on Lucretius, he strongly emphasized the painful character of birth. Indeed, life in the placenta would seem to be far more comfortable than on earth. . . . All the same, it is doubtful whether the subtlest psycho-analysis can go so far back in the history of a person. Freud's hypothesis somewhat resembles a platonic myth served up to suit present-day tastes. We must remember nothing more of this hypothesis than the fact that Freud finds in experience so powerful a negative tendency that he thrusts back its origin as far as he can.

SACRIFICE. RENUNCIATION

We are anything but qualified to investigate the rôle and importance of this tendency in biology and in psychiatry. But, in normal and current psychology, it seems difficult to explain without it a considerable number of mental states. It appears as though renunciation cannot be understood apart from this spontaneous liking for death. If it had no share whatsoever in this negative tendency, in what would it be distinguished from sacrifice? And yet analysis proves them to be quite different, though they may produce similar acts in practice.

Sacrifice consists of a choice which the mind makes between two values, the higher of which it prefers. It is always reasonable. Its greatness lies in the fact that it sets up perfect correspondence between act and thought. Antigone examines with clear eye the situation in which she finds herself. On the one hand, her betrothed, the city, and her life safeguarded. On the other hand, her unburied brother and the orders of the gods. She calculates: "It is possible to find another betrothed, but not another brother once his mother is dead. There are the written laws of her country, but there are also the unwritten laws of divinity. There is the approbation of the living all around her, but then there is that of the dead amongst whom she will dwell throughout eternity." Therefore, in spite of Creon's opposition, she decides that she must bury her brother. This she does with heroic serenity, certain, whatever happens, that she will obtain advantages superior to all the risks she incurs. Such is sacrifice. Even though it accepts death, it expresses love of life. External circumstances impose the obligation of choosing between the various and contradictory forms of being. Sacrifice causes this choice to be effected to the advantage of the higher forms of life whose triumph it secures through the working of the deepest and noblest forces in human nature. Thanks to it, fate proposes and man disposes, remaining master of his destiny. Thanks also to it, the world does not decline, it can safeguard its most precious conquests against the incessant attacks of the most brutal powers. Attentive to what it gains, conscious of what it gives up,

making a fitting use of the will, under the control and at the service of the intellect, sacrifice, in its most sublime reaches, is the exaltation of a reasonable desire. And it is easy to show that it always proceeds along the lines of life, which otherwise might risk degradation.

In renunciation, on the other hand, the essential factor is not what one acquires but what one gives up. It neither admits of nor asks for any counterpart whatsoever. Pascal's gambler, a skilful speculator, who would pay for endless joys with finite sufferings, is the very antithesis of true renunciation, which makes no attempt to exchange, but rather, as it were, to annihilate the object it renounces. It originates neither in reason, which does not understand it, nor in the will to live, which it opposes. It has no motive. Indeed, it frequently happens that it gives itself motives: but, whilst we feel that these motives really determine the sacrifice (and that is why we admire it), we feel that in renunciation the motives are not causes, but effects, pretexts, which would be valueless to an objective reasonable reason-and which derive their whole potency from the fact that renunciation is pre-existent, has already been decided upon.

We are indebted to André Gide for an instance of pure renunciation, which may illustrate this. There is no reason why Alissa, in La Porte Etroite, should not marry Jérôme whom she loves and who

loves her in return. At first she says she cannot marry Jérôme, so as not to give pain to Juliette who also loves Iérôme. A bad excuse: one that would not have persuaded Antigone. For why prefer Juliette to Alissa? All the more feeble an excuse seeing that Alissa's renunciation cannot have its counterpart in Juliette's happiness. And Alissa has no doubt about it. She is quite aware that Jérôme will not marry Juliette even if she herself refuses to marry him. . . . Moreover, Juliette marries another man. Immediately Alissa finds fresh motives for her refusal. She contrasts her love for Jérôme, no longer with her friendship for Juliette (since that has become impossible), but with her love for God. Manifestly this contrast is as artificial as the former. Alissa's religion in no way forbids her marrying Jérôme. Christianity is never incompatible with marriage. Alissa, too, is a Protestant, and so belongs to a Church which cannot be said to believe in the superiority of celibacy. God sends her no particular vocation which marriage would prevent. Alissa acknowledges this. "I no longer believe in the reasons which make me avoid him," she writes in her diary. "And yet I do it sadly, and without understanding why. . . . Why then did I invent such a prohibition?" Indeed, she has no reason of any kind. She is just a soul that cannot act as it would like because any attraction it feels for an object thereby causes in her a repulsion which

keeps her away from this object. I daresay she might have married Térôme had she not loved him. She acts contrary to her own vital tendencies, as though drawn backwards by some mysterious magnet. She gives an unnatural interpretation to suffering and joy. To her, joy seems to be the sign of evil: "How happy the soul in whom virtue is mistaken for love! . . . In happiness, how small becomes everything that might be heroic!" Such a phrase would never have been written by any true heroine. To her, renunciation is not a deliberate choice between two boons that are balanced against each other; it does not judge between feelings, but combines with each feeling-like a transformer whose effect is that the sentimental movement, instead of advancing, retreats, and, instead of leading to life, leads to death. To love Jérôme and to renounce Jérôme is one and the same thing. In this particular psychology, that which increases, preserves or expresses life calls forth repulsion—because at the basis of the personality there is an insidious preference for a state of nonentity.

ASCETICISM

It is quite probable that this secret preference is frequently the cause of asceticism. It is difficult to regard ascesis as only a preparation for mysticism, although Mr. Höcking has supported this idea. In the first place, we believe—as does the Church—

that ascesis is not the only path that leads to God —that a certain joy, a certain approbation of the world, are no less religious than the opposite feelings and attitudes—in short, that we can worship God by being optimistic quite as well as by being pessimistic. Since, then, there are several paths, why take the one most opposed to life—that which appears most frightful to human nature-and certainly the most questionable to the mind? Mr. Höcking will answer that, as a matter of fact, mystics have taken this path, to their great advantage. Still, it is not certain that mystics, at the end of their evolution and when they relate their lives, do not see finalities where there were none. It is also not certain that mystics do not regard ascesis only as a means. When the German Dominican mystics tell us: "Where there is room for the creature, there is no room for God. Empty your heart of all that is created, and God will fill it," we must not think that this means: "Empty your heart of all that is created in order that God may fill it."

On the contrary, Meister Eckhart would raise the objection that this would not be true poverty. Then again, when, after reading this, you search in the same books to find out what being filled with God means, you discover that it is having the heart empty of all creatures. Here there is no dialectic, no purpose, but rather a sort of circle which you can take by any end. Fénelon, and perhaps even Saint John of the Cross, would be very cautious as regards an ascesis fully aware of the compensations for which it hopes and of the results it expects to obtain.

The fact is that, for ascesis, to renounce . . . to mortify . . . is good per se. Even if there were neither God nor a future life-as certain Buddhists may think-ascesis would not lose its rights. It would always respond to a profound tendency in human nature. It would remain one of the loftiest possible forms that man could attribute to his existence. Man thinks it is evil to suffer, but he also thinks it is good to suffer. Nor is it the priests who have taught him this. Where could they have learnt it? And how could their words have been listened to had they not corresponded to an experimental reality? Ascesis is . . . and must be . . . explained, independently of the counsel which religions give regarding it-independently of the hopes which religions place in it. It is not the result of a theology. Rather, in our opinion, is a certain element in theology explained by it. Theology has never claimed to create feelings, but rather to legislate upon them. Schopenhauer, who was so greatly concerned about ascesis, insisted on claiming that it originated in knowledge. The will, seeing itself evil, comes to repudiate itself. All the same, he does not explain—and we cannot see how his system could possibly explain-how knowledge triumphs

over will. Perhaps this is a relic of intellectualism: the idea that ascesis can extol itself, that one can promise something in exchange. It would then cease to be ascesis and would be reduced to . . . an interested sacrifice. It will always be sophistical to attempt to deduce ascesis from will.

True, there is such a thing as a sportive ascesis. This aims at strengthening and disciplining the will. We will to prove to ourselves that we are capable of fasting for thirty days, of drinking but one mouthful of water every forty-eight hours . . . etc.; we will to make ourselves capable of this. It cannot be doubted that this ascesis is an expression of the will to live. But there is another ascesis—one that may be said to be the true one—which does not acknowledge that pride can compensate for the efforts it makes in self-mortification—an ascesis which would sacrifice all to God, even though God should not ask it, and which perhaps regards Him only as a kind of hypothesis to justify to ourselves its renunciation which has no counterpart. Ascesis is the product neither of a religion nor of a philosophy. It is unjust to reproach Christianity for the ascetical practices of the Christian. Ascesis is a fact on which we reason, but to which no logic could ever give birth. Are there not many condemnations of ascesis in the Gospels? And cannot we conceive of a non-ascetic Christianity? In proportion as it grew, however, Christianity had to take into account which inclines to suffering, to love suffering because ... suffering is better than not suffering ... because pain is better than joy, death better than life, illness better than health.

RELIGION AND ASCESIS

Religion has met with wonderful success in utilizing this tendency. This success, however, must not make us overlook its effort and its merit. Of the negative tendency it has made humility—as of the love for life it has made charity. Humility, however, no more proceeds spontaneously from the negative tendency than charity proceeds from the other. These are splendid flowers obtained by very scientific cultivation from a soil that produces large numbers of weeds. Asceticism thus becomes the "negative path." The negative tendency enables us to suppress diversity in life, to unify the person and unite it with God. From negation to negation it takes us back to the point at which being was still one with nothingness and life had not yet begun to distinguish things from one another. It recovers unity, impossible to attain so long as we have not reascended the stream of created things right to the uncreated identity of the eternal.

Thus religion exhorts us to proceed from renunciation to renunciation in an ever darker "night" in whose depths it knows that God awaits us. It has thus given ascesis a meaning and made of it a method. Still, it would be easy to show that it had a difficult path to traverse in obtaining such a result. To transform the negative tendency into sanctity and true humility would require no less effort than to transform into charity man's coarse and interested love of things and of himself. Nor does the Church prefer one of these ways to the other. To those who insist on suffering, Christianity says: "Suffer, for Jesus died on the cross." To those who insist on rejoicing, it says: "Rejoice, for Jesus is risen again." It says: "Flee from men into the wilderness," and it also says: "Live in the midst of men and love them."

Just as the love of things may be evil (concupiscence), so the hatred of things may be evil (satanic). There is a holy meekness, necessary for perfection—as there is a holy love. And there is also a false meekness—a great obstacle to salvation—against which learned and saintly men are ever fighting.

FALSE MEEKNESS

This it is that induces the religious not to take the Sacrament under the pretext that they are unworthy, thus depriving them of the resources whereby they might struggle against the troubles and disturbances of which they are conscious; this it is that, instead of enduring charity with additional strength, destroys

it. It secretly rejoices at the hindrances it pretends to bemoan, increasing instead of removing them. Should the person take delight therein, false meekness speedily becomes transformed into a sort of pride in condemnation—an enjoyment that Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurevilly have attempted to depict, though it is found better described in Dostoevsky or in the works of Saint Ignatius. One is happy in one's low estate-like a saint, though in the reverse way. For, instead of suffering and acquiescing in this suffering, we become infatuated, puffed up by it, exhibiting it, as though proud of it. The affirmation of their lowliness appears to Fedor Karamazoff or to Lebedeff as a kind of victory they are winning over the whole world, over God—a complete and effective blasphemy. And false meekness is finally revealed as voluptuous abandonment, satisfied despair that is acquiescent in the infernal powers.

The Church is extremely distrustful of this terrible malady of the soul, which so many religious people, even saints, appear to have experienced. It is aware that material or spiritual mortification may be alike evil and good. And it entrusts to the priest the power to decide, at any moment, whether it must be continued or stopped. It accepts it only subject to control and criticism. Divining the "algophilia" of the neurologists, it mainly regards mortification as admissible only up to the point at

which we find pleasure in it and where true mortification consists in not mortifying ourselves. Far from reposing blind confidence in ascesis, the Church admires it only because of the fruit it has borne.

Indeed, as a matter of fact, while this negative tendency may lead Saint John of the Cross or Suso to God, it may also lead to the Devil and more immediately express itself in wickedness.

WICKEDNESS AND DIABOLISM

In our opinion, wickedness manifests itself in the taste that men have for destruction. Those who have lived through the War know but too well that this taste is a reality. They have seen men happy at the sight of burning mills and farms. And, quite apart from all reflection as to the harm done to the enemy or as to their own increased security, they have been seen to be content with the fact that, beneath their very eyes, things that were ceased to be. It is somewhat difficult to express this feeling either by the "will to power" simply or by Schopenhauer's theories regarding wickedness. The power exercised was not their own: they could neither prevent nor further these disasters. Besides, they did not appear at all ashamed; their idea was that the flames were doing their duty. It was as though, apart from the pleasure caused by a factory in full work or a field planted with corn, they were capable of experiencing a contrary—though analogous and

no less spontaneous—pleasure. As though there were something indescribably attractive in destruction qua destruction and of itself alone!

To so slight a degree is this wickedness caused by the will to power that it is susceptible of a wholly disinterested existence in an entirely passive self. The sight of evils is pleasing to the wicked man, even though he himself has not contributed to bring them about. It is pleasing to him, even if he has done everything possible to prevent them from happening. It may be that wickedness is most manifest under such conditions. It expresses itself without remorse; there is no longer about it that nervous irritation from which Schopenhauer did not think it could be separated. It displays itself with a sort of naïveté because he who experiences it has done nothing whatever with which to reproach himself, and because the goodness he has shown prevents him from being aware of the wickedness he feels. We often find that ladies make preparations for a marriage, arrange receptions however troublesome or costly to ensure its success-and then, if the whole thing proves a failure, show the most amazing joy and satisfaction.

All the same, wickedness consists not so much in desiring another's misfortune—or in remaining untouched by it—as in not being able to bear another's good fortune. It is a negation of happiness in others, doubtless because, in spite of metaphysical

pessimists, happiness and being are intimately connected. Thus, in all probability, the wicked man will nurse you better than will the sheer egoist; if you are ruined, he will lend you money. It is when happiness, or even pleasure, comes to you, that his hatred flames up—when, for instance, you put on a new coat.

Thus, the feeling most difficult not to confuse with wickedness is perhaps envy. And yet, while wickedness is envious in its nature, we occasionally find envy wholly devoid of wickedness; for instance, in Tartarin, we find Costecalde the armourer experiencing it and confessing to the fact with apparent candour! In its unadulterated state, there is something about envy which prevents it from being too odious. After all, it is based on the perfectly legitimate desire to obtain for oneself advantages that are acknowledged to be precious. It presupposes a taste for life-owing to which it is almost always easy to compound with it-and also a certain humility. Undiluted envy can generally be subjugated and disarmed. It is quite different, however, when wickedness uses it as a pretext for concealing, to one's own conscience or to the public, its gratuitous, irreducible and heinous character. The wicked man feigns to desire for himself what he really does not want at all but cannot endure that others should possess. He will envy what he himself possesses in a higher degree and even what he

would regard as unworthy of him. He thereby proves that he does not wish to have a share in it, but that he wishes to see you lose what you have—and suffer. He does not desire your money, he wants you to be ruined. He does not desire your own good health for himself, he wants you to be ill. And then the field of "envy" becomes infinite. In reality, envy challenges the sum total of happiness that is—or can be—in the whole world. It no longer admits of any looking into one's own heart, any comparison with oneself, any desire for oneself. Strictly speaking, it envies nothing at all. It hates—and does its best to destroy.

DESPAIR

' Επεὶ τὸ πραγμα κάρτ' έπισπέρχει Θεός ἵτω κατ' οὖρου κ $\overline{ν}μα$ Κοκυτοῦ λαχὸν Φοίβφσ τυγηθὲυ παυ τὸ Λαίου γένος.*

(The Seven against Thebes. Æschylus).

This hatred of life may assume very violent forms; it then produces a state of frenzied exaltation or even great despair—a "positive" despair differing largely from the ruin of hope—which, as a rule, is more profound than the deceived hopes it happens to succeed. Thus we have the despair of Orestes, which I cannot explain by the death of

^{*}Since Heaven, with this urgency, must have it so, let the whole race of Laius go down the wind, caught by Cocytus' wave, with Phœbus' hate upon it.

Hermione alone, though it appears to have been present all the time like a lurking fatality, which the existence of Hermione and the love she inspired in Orestes had held in check, and which now, free from all restraint, breaks forth in an overwhelming stream. Although Racine modified the whole legend, one is conscious, in the fifth act, of the Orestes of Æschylus, the descendant of an accursed race above which oppressive destinies are hovering.

The same fatality, though this time modern-by which I mean that it is wholly interior to the soul and body of the character—is seen in Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler." Hedda is dominated by an evil power which causes her to hate everything violently and drags her to destruction. She burns Loewberg's manuscript, because she finds it to be excellent. She drives him to suicide, because he is the man she admires most. She kills herself and her unborn child. And at death she is mocking all the timeas though determined to repudiate death and its importance, at the very moment she is dying. To my mind, this caricatural death affords us a glimpse into the depths of her nature. It was not from amorous jealousy that she killed Loewberg and destroyed his work. Once jealousy was assuaged, love would again assume the upper hand, and we should hear her giving utterance to phrases that were human, we should find her experiencing feelings that were normal. She did nothing of the kind. After

all, did she love Loewberg? It is doubtful. She hates everybody and everything, herself first of all. She is determined to degrade, crush and flout the whole world.

THE POSSESSED

It is improbable that such desperate hates come from desire and "vitality." Life loves and has regard for life, even when obliged to oppose it outside itself for self-preservation. On the other hand, it is more probable that wickedness proceeds from a certain weakness of desire. Sadism is no indication of strong sexuality! It might rather be said that, since life has not succeeded in filling, occupying or pleasing the soul, this latter gives way to other influences. Such would appear to be the opinion of Dostoevsky who devotes one of his novels, "The Possessed," to a consideration of the tendency towards destruction. In this extraordinary book, most of the characters are under the control of a more or less terrible demon-proportioned to the capacities of each character and adequate to destroy Stavroguine, the principal hero, jestingly marries Maria Timeiowna, half-witted and halfmad,—as he pulls the nose of a respectable man who has done him no harm—as he bites the governor of the province on the ear. He plays at revolution without believing in revolution; he studies the sciences without believing in science; he even does good occasionally without believing in goodness. He seduces a beautiful girl named Lisa, whom, moreover, he knows he does not love. To be free to marry her, he allows Pjotr Stepanovitch to stir up a riot and start a fire, under cover of which he brings about the assassination of Maria Timeiowna -and of her brother as well-though himself fully aware that he will not marry Lisa, that he will leave her immediately. Finally, he hangs himself after having written: "I am afraid of suicide, for I dread showing any greatness of soul. In my opinion, this would be only an additional deception, added on to a host of others. I find pleasure in doing good, but no less pleasure in doing evil. My desires have not sufficient strength to control me." No doubt, indeed, it is this feebleness of desire, this lack of taste for things and for his very person, that explains Stavroguine's frightful powers-a man detached from the universe, terribly free, invulnerable.

Lisa leaves all, ruins herself to be with Stavro-guine, although knowing that she has not the slightest love for him and expecting neither to receive happiness nor to bestow it. Apart from these two protagonists—whose superior hatred is wholly conscious, and even aware of its own vanity—there is the hatred, ridiculous and unconscious of itself, though disastrous in practice, of the revolutionary Pjotr Stepanovitch (the prototype of the bolshevik), and there is the blind and frenzied

hatred of Kiriloff who commits suicide "to affirm the necessity of universal suicide," and would wish, by a simple and clear act, to confirm the metaphysics by which he is obsessed. And this hell is all the more pathetic from the fact that we are never without the feeling that the persons might be saved that these assassins, these incendiaries and suicides, fall but little short of being heroes, reformers, martyrs. Ah! If they could only believe in God, believe in anything! All base their hopes on Stavroguine. And indeed, were he but to discover a truth, of what splendid deeds would he not be capable? But in him, in all of them, the Devil is the stronger, and, like the herd of swine in the Gospel story, they dash forth and fling themselves into the sea. And the best of them finally go about selling penny copies of the New Testament along the interminable and never ending paths of Russia.

Manifestly Dostoevsky's object was to grasp and apprehend the psychological significance of devilpossession and of blasphemy. "The Possessed" is the novel of a diabolical mysticism—as "The Idiot" is that of a celestial mysticism. Fedor Karamazoff also is the contemporary type of sacrilege.

SACRILEGE

In these days, when faith is diminishing, sacrilege is so rare that we almost forget it. In the Middle Ages, it was one of those crimes which, by reason of

its frequency, the penal law was compelled to prosecute and suppress with the utmost vigour. There is something very strange in seeing men insult and disparage, to the utmost of their power, a God in whom they believed—for otherwise they would not have insulted Him—a God whom they regarded as having redeemed them with His blood, and, to obtain this joy, risk the loss of life on earth, as well as, they doubtless thought, their eternal life.

Sacrilege indeed might be explained as the effect of the indignation experienced by man in presence of the discordance between things and his own ideal. Along this line of thought we have the legend of Prometheus—and Goethe's famous poem on Prometheus—as well as Baudelaire's line:

"Saint Pierre a renié Jesus: il a bien fait."

The well-known phrase, "God's only excuse is that He does not exist," would appear to afford us the key to sacrilege. Indeed, if God be deprived of this excuse, the need to be avenged on Him can well be understood.

DIABOLICAL MYSTICISM

But, alongside of sacrilege, we find "diabolical mysticism," the field of which, according to Görres, would appear to be equally vast with that of celestial mysticism. Now, demonism cannot be hatred of evil and spite against God, who is responsible for this evil—since it is the worship of evil, as such.

Most assuredly demoniacs are neuropaths. Still, this explains nothing; other mystics, speaking generally, are also neuropaths. Nor can we see why it should be easier or more legitimate to regard satanic mysticism as neuropathic, more than orthodox mysticism, an attempt which even the best-qualified neurologists themselves would seem to have abandoned. Diabolical mysticism must after all be regarded as the inverse of divine mysticism.

It is all the more incomprehensible for ordinary psychology, seeing that the votary of Satan is aware that God exists (otherwise there would be no demoniacs, but only atheists and arch-heretics). The Christian demoniac believes that God is stronger than Satan. In effect, his satanism takes for granted the Christian world-system. The demoniac simply assumes, in presence of this system, an attitude exactly opposed to that of the Church, setting a black mass over against a white mass . . . etc. This perversion does not seem to us intelligible, unless we prefer non-being to being. We regard demonism as wickedness which does not stop at things, at men, or even at the self, but extends right to God, and says to Him: "Thy name be flouted! May Thy kingdom not come, Thy will not be done!" Satanism is an extreme, a logical and a morbid expression of the destructive tendency, ascesis, which, after suppressing material things, would suppress God. Are we not conscious of a trace of satanism in the

renunciation of Alissa, the heroine of Gide's novel? Is it really to God that she prays? This instance, and many of the lives of the Fathers in the desert, make us suspect that renunciation and satanism are very much alike. Satanism keeps watch, it threatens, envelops and tempts the ascetic in his retreat. It is the great enemy against which the ascetic must fight, the enemy of Saint Anthony, who, in this combat, exhausts his strength. Of this the Church is well aware. It admires and canonizes asceticism. But it also dreads it—ever on its guard against this baleful and disastrous power of despair.

THE DREAD OF FEELING AND THE DREAD OF LIFE

Once the existence of this negative tendency is admitted and recognized, it is found blended—though hidden and sometimes very feeble, but ever present—in the various feelings. Many of their anomalies, while they remain obscure, are yet linked together, and are no longer a matter of astonishment. In our opinion, the dread of feeling has frequently to be explained by this tendency. As we shall see later, this dread results from the fact that the self is afraid of being dissolved and lost in the love of its own distinctive individuality. But, even when there has been brought about an understanding between feeling and the self, fear persists. Would not the history of conversion show relapses in presence of a state which is nevertheless desired and

ardently solicited? Indeed, it might sometimes be said that, the nearer the will approaches to its goal, the more strongly does it feel the opposition of a force bent on keeping it away. Just as, at the estuaries of the most rapid rivers, there forms a "bar" separating them from the open sea, so the will, on the point of losing itself in the love to which it tends, turns aside and retreats, as though life and love terrified it. We desire love, faith. And, just as we are grasping them, we are moved by some indescribable thrill or shudder, to overcome which we have to summon up all the heroism of which we are capable. Not to fear life: this is perhaps the very foundation of heroism. Feeling thus brings about two opposing streams—a dual current, which, on a reduced scale, coquetry makes visible.

COQUETRY

This is not always simply a stratagem employed by woman to seduce man, to enervate him and keep him in restraint; it is not merely a psychological transposition of the biological process; otherwise coquetry would always end well: that is, in the defeat of the woman. In any case, the latter would not suffer thereby. There is another coquetry, of a more profound nature. Perhaps it was only fun—but then, love, with whose shadow they were playing, appeared at last,—solemn, compelling and terrifying in aspect. . . Already the shore is

far away, in the distance the sea blends with the sky, the breadth of the broad expanse of ocean is felt, stirring up the wheels and machinery of ordinary life. Soon familiar objects will have to be left behind; we shall have to embark on that voyage to which we had been invited, of which we had dreamt though never imagining it possible, of whose duration we know nothing, of which all we know is that the shadows there are stronger, the lights more intense, and the values of things transformed. We cling to one another and exclaim: Not yet. We flee. The will hurriedly retreats. We cannot bear the sight of the God we have summoned. We say we do not love at all, just because we are about to love truly and without reserve. And then, as in the fairy tale Finette tosses her small balls which change into mountains, precipices and rivers, and thus check the pursuit of the approaching giant, so we fling about misunderstandings, falsehoods, unspoken words, in order that they may separate us from the love that is going to carry us away. Then, when security has been regained, ennui and melancholy return. The love of novelty attracts us. And we begin over again, with a fresh spurt, to the stage from which once again we draw back.

This is true coquetry, the one which is not a deliberate counterfeit of a shame we do not feel, of a dread we have no reason for experiencing; the one which is not a means of giving in "after many mysteries," the one which, in all probability, gives the other its value: for, while it is but the negative tendency opposing the vital tendency, it yet proves that love is there, and that it is strong. It therefore rightly increases man's desire. And it confers great pathos on a struggle that is being waged—man and woman are well aware—between the two great powers of the universe. Is it life that is going to prove victorious, or death once again?

FALSE SINCERITY

The negative tendency likewise manifests itself in certain forms of interior analysis: false and destructive sincerity which plays as regards the mind the rôle which false meekness plays as regards the will.

Comparing the feeling which it examines with a confused, changing and arbitrary notion it forms thereof, it insinuates that what we experience is not what we imagine or wish to experience. It is extremely distrustful of any perceived reality and unreservedly accepts concepts from without which are for the most part only literary reminiscences. Then we say to one another: "I really do feel something, but it is not love, faith, etc." This really means that "love, faith . . . etc., do not altogether correspond with the idea I formed of them before experiencing them." Thus false sincerity comes finally to mean a reversed suggestion.

Thus, Benjamin Constant no sooner wondered whether he believed than he ceased to believe; no sooner wondered whether he loved than he ceased to love. The feeling diminishes and even dies altogether. Then the character of false sincerity manifests itself in the joy it shows. Its solicitous anxiety and uneasiness is seen to be pretended, because it rejoices at what it feigned to dread so greatly. Priests and such spiritual guides are well acquainted with that scrupulous sincerity which does away with what it makes a pretence of wishing to purify. Instead of favouring truth in whose name it works, it favours falsehood which accommodates itself far more readily to the successive and frequently contradictory concepts which serve it as a standard, just as hysteria corresponds far better than do organic diseases to the "clinical tables" of the doctors. Fénelon and Saint François de Sales imagined that this false sincerity—which complicates and ruins, and is not concerned with the truth-proceeds from the Devil. Indeed, it is the destructive tendency itself thus manifesting itself. That was one of the forms of the "romantic evil." It corresponds to the idea of a sentimental défaitisme. Like défaitisme, under the guise of dreading disasters, it desires them; under pretence of anticipating them, it calls them into being. Défaitisme, moreover, during the war, was nothing but the false sincerity in patriotism.

INDEPENDENCE OF FEELINGS WITH REFERENCE TO TENDENCIES

We have insisted only too strongly on manifestations of the negative tendency. This we have had to do because good sense and many metaphysicians exhibit bitter prejudice against this idea. People want to believe—and do believe—that evil is nothing but the privation of good. Here, logic has done considerable harm to psychology. And the increasing importance attributed to the destructive tendency in modern literature shows, to our mind, that modern psychology, which is more profound than that of the eighteenth century, is freeing itself of these prejudices, because it is gaining in strength.

The existence of the negative tendency suffices to prove that love, since it is capable of combining with a tendency which leads to death, has by no means—as its sole and direct cause—life, and the taste or appreciation of life for life.

It makes doubtful the success of a vitalistic method applied to feelings. Indeed, biology may quite probably throw considerable light on the negative—as on the vital—tendency, we may even very well suppose that chemical phenomena partially explain both. Still, we are little concerned with these causalities, which are doubtful, and will always remain arbitrary, so far as can be seen. The question as to whether the body is largely the cause of the soul is one of pure metaphysics. If biology

had been able to govern effective psychology, it would only have been by means of the vital tendency, and of the particular tendencies-modes of this latter-which seem to correspond to the various classes of feelings. Now, the fact of the negative tendency makes this method inapplicable and dangerous for psychology. Thus we must abandon all idea of regarding tendencies as the causes of feelings, unless we are prepared to invent a new tendency every time effective psychology requires it: a state of things that would become perilous for biology. As regards these relations between feelings and tendencies, which science proves, and which, we must hope, it will demonstrate more and more clearly, it is advisable to resist the temptation of setting them up as relations of cause and effect. Hitherto, this has merely complicated and strained matters, causing a great deal of dispute—whereas it would be infinitely better for science to pay no attention to far-reaching theories and claims to explain the communication between substances, but, instead, modestly and patiently to note and classify facts.

In the present state of our knowledge, there is nothing to warrant us in believing that tendencies are the causes of feelings. It would be far better, instead of propounding problems perhaps impossible to solve, to look upon tendencies as main roads along which the feelings pass, as means whereby they are

realized. Thus, psychology must keep as near as possible to physiology and biology, without either fearing them or expecting to be reduced to them. These two latter sciences can supply us only with materials, of which they cannot know what the feelings will make-or even if they will use them at all. It is quite clear that, if charity succeeds in utilizing the human desire for life and the after-life, this will be of great advantage to it; that, if love succeeds in subjecting to itself the sexual instinct and the reproductive tendency, it will thereby gain strength. It is also equally clear that, the more we know the profound nature of these tendencies, the better we shall understand the work that is being done in us by love or charity. Still, love and charity may dispense with these tendencies, may utilize other and opposing ones. And they cannot be reduced to them. There is something more in charity than the desire for eternal life. There may be in charity a desire for total annihilation.

And so biology and physiology appear only to trace out frames into which love can—and probably will—fit itself. They prove that it may be convenient for mysticism to find a nervous groundwork ready prepared, one indeed that may produce something quite different from mysticism. They show that it may be convenient for love to find a very strong sexual tendency. They may set up conditions to which a feeling must conform in order to

agree with the organism and receive precious help from it. Feeling, however, is free either to accept or to refuse these conditions. It may appeal to tendencies which, on principle, ought to be opposed to it, against tendencies which, on principle, ought to favour it. It may even, instead of helping the organism, make war upon it. And, in this case, physiology and biology might only foresee when and how the organism will rebel and what diseases and neuroses it will oppose to the psychic effort.

Between tendencies and feelings the relations are intimate: it is desirable that they should be investigated and known better and better. Still, unless we have very strong metaphysical prejudices, it is impossible to believe that the origin of love is to be found in tendencies. Here, positivist ideas scarcely do more than lay bare the ground for ontologies that would have filled Auguste Comte with dismay. Psychology and physiology throw light upon—but cannot be explained by—each other. It is in the interest of both to retain their own self-integrity.

CHAPTER IV

SOCIOLOGICAL EXPLANATIONS

SOCIAL GROUPS AND THE ORIGIN OF LOVE

WE have been compelled to acknowledge that love could not be caused solely by the "influence" of the object on the subject. Neither can it be explained by the nature of the subject experiencing it. And so, endeavouring to consider both subject and object simultaneously, we have enquired whether love might not have its origin in a biological tendency. Here too we have been confronted with insurmountable difficulties, and have seen that we even risked making very obscure the idea of tendency on which we wished to rest. Shall we not be more fortunate if, instead of enquiring whence object, subject and love proceed, we accept them already combined and formed, if at the outset we transport ourselves where object and subject are truly and manifestly only one?

In default of the vague forces, subjacent to phenomenal realities, we know but one place where the blend of self and not-self is realized—the group.

And so it is natural that we should ask ourselves if the study of groups does not explain feelings, if love, after all, does not happen to be something sociological? More fortunate than physiology, so predominant up to recent times, will not sociology, the rapid progress of which characterized the beginnings of the twentieth century, be able to solve the problem of the origin of love?

FEELINGS AND SOCIAL GROUPS

We have all the better grounds for this hope in the fact that there is manifest agreement between the social groups and the various classes of feelings.

Sociology distinguishes between family, national, religious, economical and political groups. In connection with these groups we have:

Family feelings (conjugal, maternal and filial love, fraternal and family friendship, family honour . . .);

National feelings (patriotism);

Religious feeling;

Caste and class feeling (comradeship, corporatism . . . etc.).

There will not be much difficulty in finding correlations, even where they are not very clear, whether the feelings happen to be—if I may use the expression—less affective; or the groups, more lax, happen to be less sociological. Do not such spiritual feelings as the love of science and the love of art corre-

spond, after all, to genuine castes? Without mentioning the mandarins of China, have we not had in Europe an "Etat des savants" with a single language, Latin, and numerous common traditions? And even at the present day do not Congresses and Academies do their best to strengthen and uphold the existence of these castes?

It would therefore seem as though we could rightly say: group implies feeling, and vice versa. Whenever a new social unit is created by artificial grouping—a regiment or a school, for instance—there spring up one or more feelings corresponding to the existence of this group. Men will love their own regiment, which they will extol at the expense of other regiments, their own school or college, the "honour" of which they will uphold at all costs.

SENTIMENTAL CONTAGION

On the other hand, it must be noted that there is something contagious about feelings. They come about simultaneously in large numbers of subjects and would appear to be communicated from one to the other. History tells us of outbursts, now of civic feeling (Greece and the Roman Republic), now of religious feeling (the decline of the Roman Empire or of the Middle Ages), now of national feeling (the nineteenth and twentieth centuries), or again of æsthetic and intellectual feelings (the Renaissance).

Are not these backwaters, which revive certain feelings with extreme violence, sociological facts in the highest degree? Is not what we call the "spirit of the age" the connection between various feelings and a given period?

The phenomenon which these examples show on a very large scale is also manifested on a smaller scale. There took place religious "movements" in Umbria during the twelfth century, in Germany during the fourteenth, in Spain during the sixteenth and in France during the seventeenth. Assisi and its vicinity suddenly produce a number of saints the most illustrious of whom are Saint Francis and Saint Claire. In Castile we have in succession San Pietro d'Alcantara, Saint John of Avila, Saint Theresa, Saint John of the Cross; in Germany, Meister Eckhart, the authors of the Theologies, Tauler, Suso, Eckhart the Younger; in France, Saint François de Sales, Sainte Jeanne de Chantal, Saint Vincent de Paul, the first generation of Port-Royal, Rancé . . . etc. The same phenomenon, on a still smaller scale, may be observed in the "revivals," the best-known instances of which are those that have taken place from time to time in Wales.

The effect produced at these meetings is very great, inns and public-houses are abandoned, families that have been broken up become united once again. During the singing of the hymns, there takes place a peculiar collective phenomenon, the "whyl," a sort

of rhythmic fervour, a strange and automatic modification of singing which is extremely contagious. The listeners, even such as have come from curiosity alone, occasionally find themselves under the influence of this atmosphere; they become converted, make public confession of sin and join openly in hymns of thanksgiving. The collective character of this fervour is so marked that the leader of the meeting perceives it immediately. His object is to keep the meeting at a high pitch of enthusiasm, and if he notices any part of the room where prayers are lacknig in sincerity, etc., his clairvoyance is likely to become very disconcerting. Everything else is thrust into the background. Lloyd George, in the full flood of an electoral campaign, has to wait until Evan Roberts has finished his divinely inspired sermon. . . . Then the "revival" dies away. It will spring again into life some time afterwards, for these phenomena are periodical. The documents and accounts dealing with them, very detailed, trustworthy and easy of verification, are valuable, seeing that they enable us to image to ourselves facts of far greater import though doubtless of a similar nature. The Italy of Saint Ambrose must have been in some respects similar to Wales in the year 1905.

The collective and social character of these revivals is visible. We may observe similar contagions of feelings which we should take to be "individual"

and which we are surprised to see become popular, like the "revivals." For instance, in an environment of women and girls, we suddenly find an epidemic of "passions." They all fall in love at the same time. Some of these loves culminate in marriages; others come in conflict with an impossible state of things. Afterwards, the old life goes on as usual.

It may be observed that there are places in which the proportion of adulteries is far greater than elsewhere; places where large numbers of girls have lovers, and others where such happenings are somewhat exceptional. . . . These also take place periodically. Certain towns have shown a state of licentious depravity, caused by the war, and which diminishes in proportion as the war recedes into the background. Sexual perversions also appear to possess an epidemic character. They ravage certain societies, countries or periods of time; then they pass away and reappear at a later date. As far as can be judged from so small a number of doubtful documents, it would appear that homosexuality, widespread in France in the times of Louis XIV, was less prevalent in the times of Louis XV, very rare under the Second Empire and again obtained a recrudescence of life under the Third Republic.

These examples of imitation and sentimental contagion might easily, by the aid of Tarde's investigations into sociology, be multiplied indefinitely.

GROUPS AND COLLECTIVE FEELINGS

The family.—All social groups, indeed, endeavour to impose certain feelings upon the members composing them. In the first place, we have the love of this group. The family tries to develop family feelings, for which purpose it sets forth such dogmas as: "Honour thy father and thy mother," creates legal or moral obligations, invents rites, institutes "family meetings" or "family dinners," requires that anniversaries shall be kept up, that presents shall be given at certain times and under certain circumstances. It issues "taboos" in self-defence. It is probable, as Freud believes, that the prohibition of incest is one of these family taboos, the principal drawback of incest being that it threatens organized family life. The family also invents a "family honour," a bond of solidarity imposed on its members and enforced by society.

Fatherland.—The fatherland seeks to create or to develop the love which citizens lavish on it. Here, too, it is easy to find dogmas ("love of fatherland is one's first love," "to die for fatherland is the noblest fortune of all," "we owe ourselves to our fatherland"), legal obligations, rites and ceremonies (the Fourteenth of July, Independence Day, "minutes of silence," the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne . . . etc.).

It is a real feeling that the fatherland attempts to develop by these rites, these obligations, these dogmas. The State insists on being obeyed, but the fatherland insists on being loved. It will punish not only the deserter and the traitor, it will also punish the *défaitiste*: the one who doubts of his country, who doubts of victory in time of war. It will punish—if not by law, at all events by social custom—the internationalist who declares that he loves other nations as dearly as his own.

And so there is something that is psychologically altogether erroneous in the theories of Rousseau and Renan which define patriotism as a certain will of the patriot. The latter participates in the patrie, whether he likes it or not, whether he knows it or not. When this relation becomes evident, it is seen that patriotism is the life of the patrie in each citizen. Whether external circumstances, such as foreign invasion, threaten the community, or interior meditation discovers beneath the self "the earth and the dead," it would seem that what is revealed is something done by the patrie, not at all something done by the individual. Danger gives voice to the patrie and imposes silence on the citizen, whose assent is no longer required. On days of keen enthusiasm or of profound depression, I imagine we have distinctly been aware that our patriotism thrust itself upon us, that we had not to work it out, that it expressed something else than our individual diversities: that, at bottom, the patriotism of Jean and that of Pierre were not two but one single love.

like one single substance beneath two accidents. When, in continually changing regiments, the reservists of Limousin succeeded the youths of Paris and Toul, the changes seemed insignificant. They passed from one opinion to another, from one emotion to another, from bitter fears to lively hopes, as though still listening to the commander's flute which controlled their various attitudes.

The war taught large numbers that they were French, or at all events more so than they could have imagined. Like Plato's reminiscence, the solid bond linking men to the nation was not created, it was discovered afresh. Patriotism was spread abroad, in like fashion, throughout the immense majority of the French people. Differences of feeling were due rather to differences of groups than to those of characters. Thus, the heroic élan long remained unchanged in the same unit, after several successive renewings. Though there did not remain ten men of the original 1914 company, the intensity of their patriotism and their distinctive military value were still present in the 152nd regiment and in certain light infantry battalions. Soldiers or officers of a more mediocre type, in other corps, came up to their level, when the hazard of remodeling the troops brought them into the same regiment. Each individual's feeling changed according to the place he held in the group; it was as though they in turn approached or departed from one central hearth which distributed its warmth all around.

The patrie takes us and leaves us, as the wind does with the branches of a tree—after its own pleasure, not after ours. The nation gives to citizens the love of itself, as it gives to them its laws, its very soil. The love of the French for France is manifestly the love of France for herself in the hearts of the French, and in each individual, the consciousness of a collective fact.

The Church.—Has not religious feeling still more clearly, if possible, its origin in the social fact which religion embodies? It does not work out among the faithful, one by one. They receive it all together from the Church which, through its traditions and institutions, introduces it to them. It is communicated by the sacraments. One becomes a Christian through baptism, with which reason has nothing to do. Confirmation is evidenced by communion, in which the individual reason has scarcely any part. The family hands over to the children the religious heritage it has received from the parents. The Church guarantees this transmission. It has charge of the mystic keys, of the collective sentimental treasury. It, too, must retain what it has received, and hand it down. And so a religion no more chooses itself than does a family. You do not acquire it, you have it. Or, rather, it has you. What is a Christian without a Church, a Frenchman without France?

The Church has no other aim than to develop this feeling which the Christian owes to the fact of its

permanence. Masses, liturgies, sacraments have no other object than to increase charity. The love of God, the love of one's neighbour, the love of the Church are in charity only one and the same love. To create, preserve and intensify a feeling, therefore, is the final end and ultimate justification of this vast corporation. The supreme consecration of the Church is the love of God, the descent of the Holy Ghost. There are religious tendencies and aspirations in man; there is religious feeling only in a Church, or, at all events, through it. Religion is received or rejected; it is not invented. It presupposes graces, the first of which is, assuredly, the existence of a community.

SOCIETY AND THE ELECTIVE FEELINGS

There exist feelings which are elective; for instance, love, friendship, a religion that one "chooses." These feelings do not appear always to have been created by a pre-existing group. Attentive observation, however, will reveal the great part played by society in this elaboration which the subject attributes to his own person.

Social conditions.—It should first be noted that feelings presuppose a certain social state. Love, as we know it, cannot be conceived below a minimum degree of civilization. Without a certain social organization, sentimental love would scarcely seem possible. It seems as though man experiences

physical needs and desires, and that love is nothing but a function. Elective feelings are feelings de luxe. To experience them, leisure is necessary: a thing permitted only by division of work. Remeo is a young seigneur of Verona. Send him away to some wild uncultivated island, and the necessity of defending himself against wild beasts, of amassing provisions against the bad season, of building himself a shelter and keeping a fire burning, all these will considerably modify his passion for Juliet. interior life presupposes a steady income: if this does not belong to the subject, it belongs to his social environment which has toiled to acquire it. Elective feeings take for granted that the stage of pure need is a thing of the past. It is not the individual, it is the group, that has won this victory.

Besides, we do not become acquainted with feelings unless they are expressed. This expression depends on-and varies with-social environment. The language of love is not the same in France as in China, in the twentieth century as in the thirteenth. Manifestly these variations are ordered by society and are very strong. Are we not surprised at the "tone" of romantic love? And yet George Sand is not very far removed from our own times! Our grandmothers might have known her. What will it be if we compare 1848 with 1660? We dare not accuse ourselves in 1660 for that whereof we boast in 1848.

Whatever be the exact relations between feelings and their expression in gestures or words, it is an undoubted fact that, in a measure which remains to be determined, the manner in which they express themselves reacts upon their nature. A feeling can attain to a certain degree of subtlety only if it has at its disposal a language suitable for analysis and nuance. Sentimental refinements and grammatical refinements were both alike observed at the hôtel de Rambouillet—and everywhere else. Thus, everywhere and always, each feeling possesses a habit and a language from which it is impossible to separate it.

OUTLINE OF A SOCIOLOGY OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

Consequently, there is a history and a sociology of love and friendship. Society is perpetually transforming them. In the city-state of antiquity, friendship is in the foreground. It is the feeling-type, the richest flower of the soul. Plato and Aristotle regard friendship as combining in itself all the virtues. Homosexuality is good and legitimate in so far as it expresses and favours friendship, which consequently comes to include a large physical element.

Christianity and the ruin of the Roman Empire effect a change in sensibility. The loves that appeared noblest are scoffed at and forbidden. Religious feeling becomes the type and criterion of all others. Woman is put on the same level as man.

Thus, in the Middle Ages, we have a "courteous" love, the love of chivalry with that subtle complicated code which governed the "Cours d'amour." With the Renaissance, love appears to become more sensual, more materialistic. Painters and poets explained how women were to be attracted, and then abandoned. In the Italian republics, the civic feeling regains extraordinary power. And, with it, other feelings gain in violence. Such mild feelings as friendship seem thrust into the background by these strong souls, eager for powerful emotions. There seems to have been scarcely anything, for the France of the seventeenth century, but a matrimonial bourgeois type of love, authorized by Church and State—and sinful love, the offspring of concupiscence. The Regency witnesses a sort of outburst of this libertinism. Sensibility becomes more epicurean and more refined. Friendship comes back into fashion; it is the one great feeling of the eighteenth century. A "gentleman" woman, a woman of the "male friend" type, with whom one may experience sensual pleasure at one's wish: such is the ideal of the period. A liaison outside of marriage, and lasting throughout life, if possible, gradually replacing sensuality and vivacity with tenderness and sweetness: such is the dream of Boufflers in La Reine de Golconde, a dream to which the life of Madame d'Houdetot was admirably adapted.

With the Revolution, love becomes more brutal. "Good society," whether refugee or in hiding, no longer sets the tone. The menace of death induces one to snatch the joys that offer themselves without making too subtle distinctions. Love becomes also more oratorical. It insists on association with feelings or declamations that are philosophical and patriotic. It contents itself with a prostitute—or desires Madame Roland.

Then comes romanticism. Instead of woman being painted and powdered, witty and voluptuous, as she was under Louis the Fifteenth, she must become pale, sickly and languishing, devoured by a secret grief—she must be a "heroine." A heroine of fiction who will have to exhibit a pretty bust and show a disposition for being a courtesan if she does not wish to be a "femme honnête," that is a femme bourgeoise, who does not reflect too deeply, has not a single lover, and goes regularly to church. As we see, a metamorphosis of these eternal feelings corresponds to each social upheaval.

Stendhal has said that love changes with latitude. What is normal and ordinary in Italy is ridiculous in Paris and impossible in London. It changes no less with time. As regards those free liaisons which Stendhal regarded as admirable in Milan, could he not have seen them in Paris practised by Mlle. de Lespinasse or by Saint-Lambert?

A certain economical state, an increase in the num-

ber of young ladies relative to that of young men. create feminism, which calls in question the nature of the love-bond. The twentieth-century man tends to expect in the woman intellectual and practical qualities which his predecessors did not exact. With the intensification of this tendency we can imagine ourselves reduced to the state of things which M. Chartier thinks to have been the initial state of all: women choosing their husbands as do the bees, men representing strolling idleness, phantasy and lyricism by the side of their grave companions, amazon mistresses responsible for social order. . . .

SOCIETY AND THE SENTIMENTAL IDEAL

Everything happens as though society has a sentimental ideal, varying with country and age, an ideal imposing itself on individuals, who do their best to conform to it. This ideal includes a positive element regarding which we learn something from literature and art, and a negative element on which law, religion and morality throw light. At one time adultery is authorized, at another time very severely repressed. Incest is permitted to the Pharaohs and the Zoroastrian fire worshippers, though as a rule it is forbidden. Homosexuality is at one time widespread and looked upon complacently, at another it is energetically checked.

The authorization—or perhaps the prohibition—

of polygamy, and, speaking generally, all legislation on marriage and family life, in some way modify the love feelings, must indeed modify them along the lines desired by society.

Even friendship is influenced by legislation; it depends first on the measures which legislators and moralists consider it wise to take regarding homosexuality, and secondly on the way in which laws and customs allow of human groupings. Any grouping of men according to age possesses many opportunities of promoting friendship. On the other hand, too strict family groupings may check it. Freedom and political passions favour it. It is a commonplace that tyranny makes it more difficult because it inclines men to conceal themselves and to mistrust one another. The organization of intense public life, as in the Greek and Roman city-states, is evidently more favourable to it than a very strong decentralization and a radical anti-statecraft.

Thus laws have influence on feelings, because they presuppose in the legislator a certain human ideal which he intends to impose; from which, at all events, he is determined to prevent too great a discrepancy taking place.

Literature and art also show that society always possesses a certain affective ideal, which they express and modify. As we find that the "type" of woman changes—the feminine beauty of a painting by Raphael bears little resemblance to that of a paint-

ing by Rubens or of one by Gainsborough—so we find that the ideal of friendship, of love, or of charity, also changes. Though paternal and maternal love are so deep-rooted, the works of Rousseau effected in them a sudden revolution. There is a sentimental fashion that holds swav-just as much as does the other. Saint François de Sales brings into fashion a certain type of Christian, and Saint-Cyran another type—just as Mlle. de Scudéry makes fashionable a certain type of love. They modify the idea we form of these feelings, consequently also the way of experiencing them. The idea we form of love evolves along with other ideas. The ladies of the age of Louis XIV did not think of love as do those of the present time, any more than they regarded Gothic cathedrals or the coasts of Brittany as do ladies nowadays. Through the medium of its "great men," society modifies our perception of things. These evolutions surprise those who live long enough and retain sufficient recollection of their vouth to judge of the distance that has been traversed. Thus, in the Restoration, Mme. de Boigne is amazed when she remembers to how slight a degree she and her friends were French during the Revolution and the Empire. To wish for the defeat of one's country seems monstrous in these days; in the eighteenth century it appeared quite a simple matter. Whatever discoveries we make regarding the patriotism of Olivier and of Roland,

assuredly the speeches of Danton, etc., created or re-created a new feeling very little of which was experienced by the eighteenth century.

In presence of such a mass of facts—to which might be added an infinity of other facts-we are tempted to believe that "elective" feelings are but the function that has devolved principally on certain classes and individuals to work out the natural tendencies of man according to fashion, i.e., according to the present tastes and interests of society. Manifestly then they are at bottom only attempts of society which aims at refashioning, for more convenient usage, the moral, physical and human material supplied to it by nature. Retaining or imagining a type of mankind, it realizes this type through the loves it inspires in men, loves which they imagine they feel spontaneously. Feelings appear to be wholly subject to a sort of fashion, which itself is but an attempt to fix a human type, ever in course of transformation according to the circumstances and the needs of social life. The freedom of choice to which elective feelings lay claim are thus no more than a snare; it could be exercised only within limits previously traced, in a direction previously determined by society. If society wants ascetics and monks, it will cause us to regard as beautiful the physique of Saint Paul, which would have appeared so hideous to Alcibiades or to Plato. In the same way, it will cause us to think that sexual love, or chaste love, or renunciation, or friendship, or patriotism, or socialism, one after the other, is the only feeling "worthy of being lived." Aiming at its own ends, it is ever transmuting sentimental and other "values," and it forces us to accept them.

AMBITION AND AVARICE

In order, moreover, to dominate love, society disposes of certain feelings which have no other object than itself, no other life than that relating to itself. It has at its disposal ambition, a passion strong enough, if necessary, to triumph over all the rest and flexible enough to combine with them. It also has at its disposal, avarice, which it makes possible or impossible, which it decrees to be legitimate under the name of economy, at one time, and illegitimate at another time. Clearly ambition or avarice would disappear in a republicaccording to Plato-where everything would be in common and individual property would not be recognized, where positions, fixed beforehand, could not be modified, by whatsoever underhand means. Moreover it would seem that avarice, so frequent in France, is almost unknown in America; as fortunes there can be made over and over again, more attention is given to work and less to saving and economy. Finally, society has at its disposal vanity and snobberv.

SNOBBERY AND LOVE

Snobbery is perhaps no more than the legislation of society in the domain which, by nature, escapes law. Thus society gives it control of all feelings over which it would not be easy to legislate direct.

Through snobbery, society compels individuals to conform in practice to the ideal it has made them conceive and recognize; after making us regard as beautiful the works of Rousseau and mountain scenery, it sends us, willy nilly, to spend the summer in Switzerland. The power of snobbery and its universality (for perhaps no one feeling has such a range of operation), give society the means of imposing at any moment the sentimental type it considers good. It spurs on love to go where it wishes that it should go, and keeps it away from the forms it does not wish it to assume. Snobbery can throw down an unfathomable gulf between the butcher's daughter and the confectioner's son who does not want to lose caste. Better than all reasoning, it will resist passionate love which it makes vain and ineffectual, or at least brief and unhappy and therefore harmless, instilling doubt into the very people who feel it. On the other hand, if it sees fulfilled the conditions exacted by society, it will look upon itself as a genuine passion. For its main preoccupation is to cause to be regarded as spontaneous, and produced by the person himself, feelings which it creates, and which if necessary it will destroy if they happen to involve society in risks it had not previously noticed.

As, during war, it makes "true patriots" of women who, at the time when socialism was increasing, felt themselves-no less truly-internationalists, and will become so again to-morrow, if necessary; so it brings together young people of both sexes who imagine they are listening to a voice from heaven, when it tells them of the social advantages each will find in that alliance to which they loyally give the name of love. Has society need of new works, new factories? It will cause wealthy young ladies to fall in love with young engineers who will look upon them as a sort of extra "premium" (Georges Ohnet, or the polytechnic student). About 1848, snobbery went so far as to induce people to imagine that only a workman is deserving of love (George Sand), and in 1860, with greater likelihood, that no one but a rich man can make a woman happy (Scribe). Are we to colonize? Then snobbery will cause us to love an exotic life and regard it as pleasant to go and live in tropical Africa. Must we slightly widen social barriers? Then it will make us prefer foreigners to our own countrymen. On the other hand, are we to do our best to check material and spiritual encroachment or invasion? Then it will inspire us with hatred of foreigners and of everything that lessens the power of resistance of the nation as a whole.

Thus, thanks to snobbery, the group maintains its control over the "freedom" of individuals. It may even attempt to produce new men, as gardeners produce new roses. By combining them to please itself, it may obtain the best possible advantage from the elements with which it is supplied. He who has once seen the power of snobbery over love knows what to think of its independence regarding society.

OPPOSITION OF FEELINGS TO SOCIAL INFLUENCES

Undoubtedly there exists a relation between the feelings and society. Experience shows that to certain juridical, economic or moral changes corresponds either an increase or a diminution of certain feelings, that to profound collective revolutions correspond profound affective variations. To prove this, we need only call to mind the Romans of Livy, Tacitus and Ausonius. The unrest of the social body is accompanied by a distinctive unrest of individuals, affecting their entire sensibility. We hear this note but too distinctly in contemporary society. And in romantic literature we are made acquainted with fallen monarchies and ruined empires. We may try to make these relations clearer. M. Durckheim, for instance, by means of minute and carefully criticized statistics, has noted the relation that exists between the number of suicides and certain -even slight-changes in the social state. May

we go further and set up a relation of cause and effect where the facts present us with a concomitance; may we say that suicide and religious unrest are caused by certain upheavals or certain manifestations of society? May we study psychic facts as the reflections of social facts-always capable of being explained by them? It is natural that we should desire and attempt this: because the mind needs both to explain and to foresee. It must be confessed that success will be doubtful. Even before sociology came into existence, men knew quite well that society and the various groups composing it endeavour to inspire in them certain feelings. But they also know that the self frequently rebels against this action, and that, while we explain certain forms of feelings by the influence of the group, it is easy to explain other forms of feelings by reaction to the group.

The self sometimes opposes a feeling for the simple reason that it sees it is to the interest of the group to impose it. Thus, we oppose family feelings because of the very rites and dogmas whereby the family claims to develop them. For the same reasons, we oppose patriotism or religion. It may be that the instability of feelings, the need to weigh them up against one another and to pass from one to the other, are often no more than a sort of flight on the part of the individual, who desires to elude the hold of the group. While love, in many cases,

really is a result of snobbery and vanity, it is sometimes—and perhaps more frequently than one would imagine—a protest against snobbery. The king marries the shepherd girl, the princess marries the neatherd, because they are both tired of court life and of the conventions attempted to be imposed upon their affections. And, while marriages of this kind are infrequent, amours are not. Many feelings are but secret gardens between lofty walls constructed against outside influences. Love avoids society: it is a separating influence. It asserts itself to be free, and in the name of this freedom turns against society with a violence too well known, in conflicts famous in literature. It glories in this warfare, says that the struggle is for the purpose of making a slave a free man. And it acquires additional prestige from the hostility it meets with on the part of social order. It seems all the more indisputable to the subject who experiences it from the fact that he finds himself more in conflict with a social 10.70

Moralists have never succeeded in depriving "romantic" love of this seductiveness. No sooner does this type of love come into being than it seems more real than any other. Men say to themselves: "I love this woman who belongs neither to my country, to my religion, nor to my social rank. Everything conspires to prevent my loving her . . . consequently I love her truly." The worth, the sincerity

and the spontaneity of these loves seem to be proved by the mere fact that they exist. On the other hand, too complete an adaptation of feelings to the social order of things tends to create a certain doubt in those who observe them, and even in those who experience them. One does not see why a youth should not be in love with the rich and well-connected young lady on whom his mother has cast her eye on his behalf; she is no less pretty than another girl. Nor do we see why he should not experience a spontaneous sympathy for that particular influential man—a member of the Cabinet or perhaps a member of the Government—and yet it is difficult completely to silence within ourselves the still small voice of raillery. We cannot believe that things fall out so well in a natural way . . . that love comes just where it will best serve interests that are not its own, because we do not believe that the correlation between individual and group is perfect enough to make probable such fortunate encounters. And this opinion, against which the spirit of goodwill struggles, is so powerful that, in the youth's lyrical affirmations of his love or his respect, a delicate ear detects a hint of uneasiness. The optimistic novelist, anxious to tell his story, will pretend that the young man knew nothing of the young lady's fortune, of the member's position; and so he discloses them towards the end of the book.

This protest, sometimes rebellious and from

quently censorious, made by the individual against the efforts of the group to impose on him a mode of feeling, may give considerable force to elective feelings. A chosen friendship will prove superior to brotherly friendship or family relationship, less from its own ardour than because it is chosen. Here there is no mother continually reproaching you for not being sufficiently affectionate to your sister! This friendship, this love, this faith—are really yours. And, for that reason, you will employ the utmost energy in vindicating them.

A study of the person and of the self must show that these annoying instincts have very deep roots; doubtless this vindication is owing to the dread which the individual experiences of being absorbed

by the group, of disappearing altogether.

And so it happens that feelings, instead of conforming to the influence of the group, are opposed to it. This, too, would mean that they came from the group. And the sociological explanation might be upheld, although there is something doubtful and mentally deceptive about a cause capable of producing two contradictory effects. But it is also clear that love creates new groups which it sets over against existing groups, and that it may be the cause of the very thing of which we wish to be the effect. We find this effort of sociological creation in the majority of feelings. We will now examine it, for instance, in friendship.

Friendship.—The first step in friendship consists in establishing confidence between the future friends who were conscious only of a certain pleasure in finding themselves together. Jean is sure that André will do him no harm. André feels the same. This confidence gives them every liberty. They unbend towards each other, escaping from the tense atmosphere generally offered by a life of relationships.

Confidence becomes alliance. They can help each other, since they know they will not suffer at each other's hands, but rather that each will benefit by the advantages the other has acquired. The group born of society is already opposed to society. They say "we." The rest are enemies, "Barbarians."

The union becomes stronger; they form a group now distinguished by something quite other than common interests. We find amongst them a sort of resemblance in the voices and gestures, the manners and words they use, and which they have doubtless adopted from each other or to which they have given special meanings. They have habits, memories, a language peculiar to themselves.

Their group influences their personalities which find themselves modified thereby. Because of André, Jean loves things or men he either did not love or would not otherwise have loved. He is conscious of new needs, fresh aspirations. It is the same with André. And their affection increases with

the love each feels for this new personality, springing up of itself, living only in presence of the friend through whom it had birth. (We can also imagine an opposite reaction in a "self" which aspires after a fixed form, cultivates itself, and refuses to be modified, however slightly, by the influence of another.) Between Jean and André there is set up an entire system of opinions, judgments and habits, which the psychology of Jean and André separately would not have enabled us to foresee, which neither alone could have created. The two friends make one whole. Possibly wide expanses of self remain outside this enclosure of friendship. Where it holds sway, however, the friends form a whole, of which each is but a part—a group which exists and which dominates both.

Even in its ordinary aspects, friendship appears as a diminished nationalism—a very small collectivity which the self prefers to itself, because it is certain to find therein, enriched and embellished, what it has given to it. And the philosophers of old were not wrong in regarding friendship as the beginning and the end of all other groupings; it enables us to see a society in the very act of freely creating itself.

Love.—Love also creates a group. This group, like greater collectivities, has its own distinct ideas and traditions. Quite naturally it invents a language peculiar to itself and endeavours to isolate

and differentiate as far as possible the individuals of which it is composed. It reserves for itself a secret domain into which the rest of the world must never enter. It has its own ceremonies, memories and dogmas. "Elective affinity" (Die Wahlverwandtschaften) is perhaps only a reply to the question: "With whom can I make but one?" Goethe's great novel which bears this title is nothing else than an account of the conflict waged between the group as society has created it and would maintain it and the group as love has made it and would perfect it. We have a given group: Edward and Charlotte, which we see is very fragile, in spite of the support which society gives it. Then appear Ottilie and the Captain. At once two fresh groups are created, by a force as inevitable as that which controls chemical synthesis: Edward and Ottilie, Charlotte and the Captain. These groups dominate the individuals, on whom they impose themselves in spite of everything. Still, though the former group possesses no true reality any longer, it has yet set up barriers which prevent the new groups from practically manifesting themselves. Nor can the characters evade the catastrophe. It is a tragedy which clearly shows the difference between a societyproduced and a society-maintained love-and revolutionary love, the creator of new groups.

If it is still desired to maintain in such cases that love is a sociological phenomenon, we must at least reject the law of cause and effect which we had originally set up. No longer is it the group that creates love, it is love that invents new societies. But are there not "elective affinities" which preserve or destroy nations in order to form others? As Edward leaves Charlotte and unites with Ottilie, so does a political or an ethical group leave a larger group and unite with another. If the nation produces patriotism, patriotism also produces and preserves the nation, which otherwise crumbles away and is destroyed.

Religious feeling.—The feelings which seem caused by the collectivity and subordinated thereto are incessantly transforming the collectivity to their own use; they consider the group-upon which they rest-as matter which they can fashion at their pleasure. For instance, religious feeling, as seen in the masses, really seems to be something sociological, something retained and imposed by the Church. Examine it, however, in the mystic: we see that he regards the Church, with its rites and dogmas, as a means to be employed and re-created at his pleasure. Insisting on restoring to them their "original meaning," Church and religion will not be to him things which one receives ready-made, but things in process of creation, of re-creation, of elaboration. Should the collective organism resist, then there is schism—an effort to substitute a new for the old collectivity. History affords us but too many instances of conflicts between those who regard the Church as a means and those who regard it or wish it to be regarded—as an end.

CONCLUSION

We see that the relations between feelings and groups are very similar to those between feelings and biological tendencies: relations of an intimate nature which could not be studied too closely, though relations which it would be useless to try to reduce to relations of efficient or final causality. It is not more true to say that love is produced by society than to say that society is produced by love. Each explains the other, and explains it, moreover, inadequately. Sociology cannot be deduced from psychology because a collectivity contains something other than the sum of the individuals of which it is made up. Nor can psychology be deduced from sociology because there is in the individual something more than the groups in which it shares. At times, the individual is but the infinitesimal cell of a group, from which it receives life; but the group is, at times, only a tiny part of the individual, which combines it within itself along with a multitude of other groups, for ends with which the group has nothing to do. Then the individual either utilizes, transforms or creates the groups.

In spite of certain appearances, it does not seem very probable that society can cause a feeling, unless,

in a certain way, the feeling is already pre-existent. Society can but supply it with a frame into which it may be fitted. It can also set up resistance. And it is a matter deserving of consideration that feeling should not encounter this resistance, and should receive these advantages. Still, if necessary, it will be able to overcome the former and dispense with the latter. There are languages propitious for speaking of love; though, if need be, love will be content to express itself in sighs, looks and exclamations. It is the same with all the rest. One cannot be a Catholic without a Church, though one can love and believe in God without any Church. Of course, you find yourself deprived of precious comforts and consolation, you miss the succour which a great and glorious experience enables the Church to supply so effectively. We are even led occasionally to remove something from treasure-store that has accumulated from age to age, and over which we have no rights whatsoever; we pick up crumbs fallen from the mystic table and feed on them. Our prayers are lulled by the music of a cathedral organ, we sought in a prayer-book for just the words we wanted, and the tomb of a saint fills the heart with love. Still, however useful these aids, not one of them is necessary. However feeble the individual, however greatly he may be in need of rules and assistance, prayer requires only a single soul and a single God. If, in solitude, prayer is

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uttered maybe with less fervour and power, it thereby loses nothing of its purity. This oblation of the universe to God needs only peace and quiet. A single thinking subject is sufficient, say the metaphysicians, to form a mental image of the world and bring into manifestation this endless succession of appearances; and so a single praying subject, with clasped hands, is all that is needed to restore the world he has received to the God who gave it.

CHAPTER V

PLURALISM AND MONISM

FAILURE OF CAUSAL EXPLANATIONS

AND so we have failed in all our attempts to find a cause for love. If, in order to affirm that one phenomenon is the cause of another, the former must enable us to foretell and produce the latter, then we have to acknowledge that love is without a cause. It obtains its sustenance from many springs and in varying degree. We cannot say that it flows therefrom, but that it draws thereon. We cannot explain some particular mental state, a certain part of a certain feeling. Feeling itself eludes us. We find that the spring we thought we had discovered is not the only one, and therefore not the true one. Whether we like it or not, the psychology of feelings remains independent. Efforts to reduce them either to the influences of the object whose person, deducing feeling as a conclusion from concepts imposed upon it, only registered various qualities and struck a balance between them-or to the modifications of the person, the latter inventing a phantasmal object to justify its desires—or to the mysterious volition of organic tendencies, feeling being an epiphenomenon of blind forces (which know where they are going but do not see through what they are passing)—or to a kind of social constraint, the group moulding souls at its pleasure—cannot end in satisfactory results.

Amongst those who attempt these reductions, some can only understand superficial passions imposed on the subject by means of values which he admits without checking them because he is but little interested therein; others can describe only the morbid illusions of the person who attributes to external objects the cause of the interior disturbances of which he cannot form a sufficiently clear vision; others, to avoid attributing to man a soul, assert that wills, ends, and all the spiritual realities they insisted on rejecting, exist in the very things which seem to admit of them least; and others, finally, set forth only the external surface of love, and, desirous of explaining it by society, see scarcely anything but the reflection of society upon love. Doubtless many facts correspond to these analyses, but true feeling will ever elude them. Feelings can be neither explained nor foreseen. It is doubtful whether modern attempts to find the cause of love in biology or sociology are better than those of our predecessors to find it in the "self," of whose nature they, like ourselves, were ignorant, or than those

of the ancients to find it in cosmogonies rejected by every new philosopher.

Still, it is advisable not to regret efforts that were disappointed, though not barren. By dint of seeking after the origin of love, we make discoveries about it, and produce feebler results than we expected, other than we desired, though not without a value of their own. Thus did Columbus discover America when seeking for India. The danger becomes serious only when a system, giving the mind too much satisfaction, diverts it from facts and prevents it from accepting experience. The psychologist, through wanting to cease to be one, speedily finds his prayer answered more fully than he wished, and psychic reality avenges itself because he claims to impose on it laws which he does not deduce from it.

Psychology should consider feelings as existing in and for themselves. If we are too keen on finding a "cause" for them, we soon overstep experience; we forget it and choose some particular doctrine, not because it accounts better for experience but because it is better adapted to some special conception of the world which appeals to us more strongly. If we believe in the harmony, the intelligible character of the universe, we shall be attracted by the doctrines which explain love as a certain influence of the universe upon the self. A Fénelon, pessimistic in what he observes and fancifully optimistic

in what he imagines, will dream of feelings through which the universe appears to absorb us in its mighty compass. If, on the other hand, we are more struck by the impenetrability, the solitude of human persons, by the irrational aspect of love and the chaotic aspect of the world, if we look upon the universe as an incoherent dream, and if the existence of souls appears far more certain that that of things, then we shall want to explain perception by the mind and feelings by the self. If we do not-or will not -see the tragic contrast between the universe and man, if we regard man as scarcely distinct from animal, plant, and even mineral, if man thus appears as an almost negligible excrescence of those eternal forces which are expressed in matter, then we shall explain love by the body and the body by tendency. If we are sociologists instead of materialists; if, with Auguste Comte, we consider that the finest thing in the world is human society, the culmination and end, perhaps, of all the rest: then we shall have to subordinate, to the Great Being we worship, feelings and individuals alike, and the freedom of love will appear similar to that of steamers, whose pilots can imagine they are going wherever they please on the sea, and who actually do follow routes determined by the laws of exchanges, the balance of the resources and needs they are meant to secure.

It is too clear, however, that the choice between these hypotheses is not the result of a patient examination of feelings as such; that it is imposed by prior convictions mostly alien to such an examination. As a rule, the moment we decide between them we cease to be psychologists and assure ourselves we are something more. In employing a strict method to which we are determined to sacrifice everything, we see facts and notice nuances which escaped others; on the other hand, we no longer see realities which everyone else saw, because they do not readily fit into the frames we have drawn for them and outside of which we no longer wish to look at anything.

Of itself alone, psychology is unable to solve the problem of the origin of feelings. Perhaps this is because love is irrational. Psychology is compelled to admit what love says of itself. Now, love claims to proceed from its subject and its object, from the body and the group. It claims to have for its end both the exaltation of the self and its annihilation, the possession of its object and the sacrifice of subject to object, the gratification of tendencies, their inhibition and their transformation, the maintenance of groups, their destruction and their reclamation. As a rule, it says all that we want, so long as it is benefited thereby and until harm ensues. It demands all the privileges of freedom and all those of determinism, and refuses to allow itself to be limited by either. It attributes to itself the majestic and indisputable character of determinism and claims to be regarded as a natural law which the subject must not oppose. It also claims the pure merit of freedom, affirming itself as the most personal element in the person. Feelings are fruits of the person, by which the person must agree to be judged. "Love is to the soul what the soul is to the body it animates," though it be a "passion" which obtrudes upon the self, seeing that "we can no more prevent ourselves from loving or not loving than the waves can prevent themselves from dashing into the sea." Love yields with a certain docility to the explanations we give of it, as though it delighted in being explained. Then, of a sudden, it overleaps these explanations.

THE NEGATION OF LOVE

So that, when all is said and done, we are tempted to admit that love does not exist, that it is nothing but a word by which we designate divers realities, and point to a multiplicity of variable and unconnected phenomena—a simple vision of the mind—perhaps a mere abuse of language.

THE REALITY OF LOVE

In the protest, however, made by common sense against such an hypothesis, there is perhaps more than the effect of an inveterate evil habit of which we have no desire whatsoever to rid ourselves. After all, we scarcely see why we should refuse existence to a thing simply because we cannot apply to it satisfactorily the principle of adequate reason. If, as M. Meyerson and many critics think, this resistance to explanation is the character—and in a measure the proof—of reality, if it is advisable, as contemporary philosophy seems to imagine, to oppose Hegelianism and say that reality is what can neither be explained nor conceived, that it is the irreducible residue of the mind's workings upon experiencethen love will but have proved its superior and indisputable reality. May it be because love exists too much-not because it is non-existent-that we find no trace of its origin? In that case we should have to think that feelings live in hearts, like platonic ideas in minds, as well as without and above them simultaneously. Feelings are between persons by the same right as the persons themselves, and between groups by the same right as the groups are with reference to one another or to individuals. They are in bodies by the same right as the bodies. We can imagine them as a multitude of genii contemporary with the world itself, flitting around us, now more closely linked with us than our own selfsouls of our souls-now farther away, scarcely perceptible by imagination or desire. They seize hold of us, leave us, carry us off, possess us, and forsake us. . . . So in the Arabian Nights the jinn carry off youths and maidens who find themselves on the top of some inaccessible tower in a strange land, and who, when carried back home on the morrow, are unable to distinguish the dream from the reality.

The sole task of psychology is to describe feelings, to learn as perfectly as possible their methods and manifestations, to follow their frequently tragical activities, to relate their history when they have disappeared, to remain ever ready to observe them in whatsoever manner they come about, to welcome all explanations given of them, while remaining convinced that these explanations are partial, more or less ingenious, though necessarily inadequate and inexact, so as to be always ready for a new explanation and on the look-out for new facts.

Perhaps it is most convenient for psychology to regard as true in a certain sense the poetical allegories depicting Hercules between Vice and Virtue, and speaking of Friendship or of Lewdness as of goddesses whose aspect is well known. According to them, poets, lovers, philosophers, artists, friends and heroes are momentarily possessed by these immortal deities—like the bacchantes and the mænads on the mountains of Thrace, when Dionysos reduces them to a frenzy of delirium.

MONISM AND PLURALISM

The importance of the problem to metaphysics.— Can these multiple deities be reduced to unity? Are the various loves only various expressions of one and the same force which produces them all, of the same reality which each of them represents after its own fashion? The question is of considerable metaphysical importance, for behind it stands the problem of the one and the many. If feelings are all reduced to one and the same elementary feeling, it will become easy to connect them with an absolute. This primitive love, the basis of all the rest, it will be sufficient to regard as an attribute or "perfection" of God. It would thus seem to be in God that we love, through Him alone that separate and confined human beings can communicate with one another. From this point of view we should have to look upon God as a sort of central telephonic bureau, setting up as He pleases a real relation between beings distinct from one another though each related to Him. And this idea might be based on former theories dealing with the communication of substances.

On the other hand, here as elsewhere, the pluralist hypothesis would seem to clash with the ultimate tendencies of reason. The human mind is not satisfied if it imagines it has not grasped "the eternal axiom" which, by way of deduction, enables us to descend again the stream of phenomena. It is difficult for it to think that the various loves have nothing in common but the name by which they are designated. And as, once pluralism is admitted, we do not theoretically find any motive for assigning limits

to it, any philosophy of feeling becomes impossible; induction from the ones to the others no longer having any legitimacy, and the very words denoting them being nothing but prejudices and errors.

Pluralism is but a halt of the thought, in presence of the unintelligible. Sooner or later, thought continues its way and is bound to transcend it. The recent experiences of Anglo-Saxon philosophy after the ancient experiences of Greek philosophy clearly show that pluralism is an atmosphere that metaphysics cannot breathe, one which it must necessarily abandon.

The minor importance of the problem to psychology.—The problem is of less importance to psychology, for there is nothing to prevent this latter from renouncing attempts at universally valid explanations. Psychology can live in pluralism, it is not directly interested in the discussion. Consequently the question as to whether or not the various feelings can be reduced to a single primitive love is not a real question in psychology. It will never have either the means or the ambition to become acquainted with this love, an attribute of God. What does interest it is to find out if the other loves proceed from this primitive love in such a succession that each love commands and produces other loves and may be regarded, with reference to them, as primitive love is regarded with reference to itself. Metaphysical causality is important to it only in case this causality becomes psychological, without modifying the development whereby it connects antecedents and consequents. If indeed we suppose that all loves proceed from this absolute love, though each one in direct and immediate fashion, the method of psychology would still be the same, whether this fundamental love exists or not. It should continue to describe as perfectly as possible these loves, one by one, and leave the ultimate explanation of them to metaphysics.

Still, if the various loves proceed from one another, if some are nearer than the others to absolute love, the source of all other loves, if the feelings known to experience are accumulated disguises of one primitive feeling, like Mascarille's waistcoats around his livery, then psychology must always proceed by historical analysis, must rise from feeling to feeling, carefully explain each by its predecessor, and thus gradually approach the cause from which they spring. The love we experience for one thing seems indeed to spring from the love we experience -or have experienced-for another thing: any feeling is evidently the remembrance and the continuation of another feeling, which psychology must seek for until it finally comes to a halt in presence of some childish love whose apparent poverty amazes it, and yet from which the whole of this complexity proceeds.

This is the method of modern psycho-analysis.

Trusting absolutely in the monism of love—which it calls Libido—it has to go back to the origin of this Libido, and conceives of it as the slow trickling of some viscous liquid whose traces it will be easy to find. It explains each love by one or more others, halting before the unknown: the baby, even the fœtus.

It is somewhat astonishing that sentimental monism, rising to such heights in metaphysics, should sink so low in psychology. But this is because we consider that psychology is able to examine the relations between feelings only within the self, that therefore it should result, not in a rational dialectic, but in a history, a succession which was real in time. It is not the function of psychology to see what relation there is, or if there is one, between friendship per se and patriotism per se. We have presupposed, and we believe, that feelings are existing realities and not simple productions of a subject who thus designates his various modifications. Still, while the boundaries of psychology and its eternal inadequacy are thereby fixed, it by no means follows that psychology should or can transcend them, and it remains true that it cannot dissociate subject and feeling under penalty of having no longer any method of investigation at all, and even of losing what it has always regarded as the object of its investigation. Thus, to reduce feelings to unity signifies for it: to reduce the feelings which a subject

experiences to a primitive feeling which he has experienced—a question which can be solved only by an examination of the way in which feelings act within the self. By showing whether it is possible to regard them as reducible or not to unity, this examination will solve the question of pluralism and monism in so far as it interests affective psychology.

RELATION OF FEELINGS TO ONE ANOTHER. SOLIDARITY OF FEELINGS

We see the feelings entering into an alliance against the other elements of the personality. For instance, they would seem to be leagued against frivolity. A life wherein feeble desires succeed one another, like water spiders passing to and fro along the surface of a pond, opposes a sort of inconsistency and rapidity against any real feeling. The feelings then seem to invoke one another. One would imagine there was, in the human heart, "a secret spring" which, when touched, releases all the feelings, and which, untouched, prevents any feeling from manifesting itself. Young people of both sexes are wholly preoccupied with their work or with frivolous distractions. When they fall in love, they begin to understand the beauty of the landscape. They return to church, to pray. Before, they had only companions; now, they have friends. Even after their love has passed, the feelings it had aroused still continue. And others will come along, for they have now accustomed themselves to live in the emotions.

Between the several feelings, then, there is a sort of solidarity, which is found both in societies and in individuals. It is the same societies and the same persons that experience all great feelings. "In a great soul, everything is great," and the converse is equally true. Madame de Staël's loves, friendships, ambitions are all great. Madame Geoffrin loves only her self, comfort and common sense. Many saints, by their ardent passions, seem to be paving the way for the fervour of their future charity. And the renaissance spirit invites the reform spirit.

Feelings communicate with one another. Like mountain springs, they keep up mysterious intelligences. And, as the awakening of one feeling calls forth—or at least indicates—that of all the rest, so the collapse of one feeling brings about that of all the others. Thus does the loss of faith cause so many human beings to be lacking in sensibility. It even happens that this deep-lying relationship between the feelings is manifested by consequences which seem at first paradoxical. I knew a young man who had fallen in love with a young lady during a voyage. Though separated from her, he remained for years in love with her. This fundamental love, of a mystic type, did not exclude love affairs that

were more superficial though also more intense. He fell in love with another young lady, whom he would doubtless have married had he not suddenly discovered, on again meeting the first, that nothing of his passion was left. The ruin was complete. The love he had for this young lady dragged in its train that he had for the other; and one may truthfully say that he did not marry the latter because he no longer loved the former. The fact is, in order to love, one must acquiesce to some degree in the affective life, just as, in order to think, one must have a certain faith in the mind and in the reason. After disillusionment that is too serious, one no longer listens to love. Though the words be different, we recognize the timbre of its voice and the enemy that has deceived us, whatever the mask in which it has dressed itself. Faust utters maledictions alike on the vine, on hope and on love when he imagines his intellectual passion cannot grasp its object. . . . Heavy doors are bolted and barred in the fortress of the soul; the feelings can no longer force their way therein.

THE IDEA OF A SENTIMENTAL DIALECTIC

Can these relations be made precise? Is there a fixed and constant dialectic of the feelings? Some successions appear more natural—above all, more frequent than others. It is very seldom, in spite of popular songs, that "first loves" are most lasting.

Romeo loved Rosalind before he loved Juliet. The young ladies in Tolstoi's works, if real, feel the need of a sort of education in love. They must previously have made one or more "mistakes": Natacha is betrothed to Prince André, and then runs away with the foppish Kouraguine. Only afterwards does she love Bezoukhoff, whom she marries. Kitty Cherbatsky loves Wronski before she loves Levine. It is rare and very difficult to attain to sentimental "truth" at the very first; as a rule one has to burn a few faggots before the fire is kindled. Numerous are the instances that prove this. Instances to the contrary must be subjected to strict criticism, for sentimental æsthetics is inclined to distort truth in this matter: one would like to have loved but one object and then only once.

La Rochefoucauld remarks that we pass from love to ambition, but we do not return from ambition to love. It is a commonplace in rhetoric to bring up against him his own case and that of Madame de La Fayette. Perhaps it would be more prudent to believe him. We are but imperfectly acquainted with the nature of his feeling for Madame de La Fayette. Probably the quality of these persons inclines us to place too high a value upon it. La Rochefoucauld lived at a period rich in lofty ambitions and great loves; he must have met with many instances of such a succession. His maxim is rendered fairly probable by the personal pride which

is not easily satisfied with the conquest of a woman when it has aimed at the conquest of an empire. In addition, we should have to consider those ambitious persons whom fortune does not betray and compel to give up the object of their ambition. We too readily imagine that the heart of a loving woman is needed to console a fallen prince. . . . Still, ambitious men have been known to ruin themselves for women, and it must be confessed that there is something uncertain about La Rochefoucauld's maxim.

In this matter, it is to be feared that formulas mean no more than ingenuity on the part of their authors. Feelings do not succeed one another in a given order. They even refuse to follow the rules suggested by nature. Philosophers at twenty years of age and lovers at sixty! Neither the production nor the succession of feelings can be foreseen in a human heart. If this could be, it would become far more probable that feelings are but effects whose cause is the subject who experiences them or the object that inspires them. We have seen that the failure of Plato's theories in psychology is mainly due to the contradictions inflicted by experience on the dialectic of love. Whether we look for the cause of this dialectic in the nature and hierarchy of objects or in that of feelings, we are confronted with the same obstacle. Psychology cannot foresee into what feelings such feelings will be transformed. They give sustenance to one another, however. And, once the transformation effected, there can be found in each the substance of those that have preceded it.

Psycho-analysis.—Here it is advisable to refer to the subtle analyses of Freud. By means of a certain symbolism, a vanished or "repressed" love is expressed in new terms which may prevent the consciousness from recognizing it at first, but will be more effectively revealed by a special technique. The study of dreams proves how a desire baffles the watchfulness and censorship which every man exercises against his own inclination, and how, in spite of it, he satisfies himself more or less. A child struggles against the jealousy which his father inspires in him; he will transfer to horses this hatred, which becomes a phobia. Dreamland and poetry will be able to invent the necessary symbols so that desire may no longer need to dread morality and may delight in this vast and misty land. Besides, it is probable that, in the most ordinary psychology, the violent and immediate sympathy one experiences for a woman, the unreasoning longing one has for some particular object, are frequently due to the fact that, behind this object or this woman, we pursue another object we loved formerly and by the memory of which we are unwittingly affected. analyze one of these irrational longings, when standing in front of an exhibition of goods-longings that

have no relation to the beauty of the articles as regards our taste, nor with its usefulness as regards our needs-we almost invariably discover former unassuaged desires, far more intelligible, which impart to it their own strength. The actual object seems to be the symbol of another object—a symbol frequently as strange as those of dreamland. we can well imagine that this kind of state, hardened and crystallized, may be a genuine disease, like erotic fetichism. It is the same with feelings as with desires. In Rousseau's love for Madame de Warens we recognize the tenderness of a child for its mother. And a psycho-analysis of the love of God—the object of which lends itself to so many opposing aspirations and includes so many nuances—would reveal in many cases the entire sentimental history of the person who feels this love. One transfers to the Virgin Mary the love one had for mother, sister or mistress-to Jesus Christ the love one had for a friend who is dead, for a prince with whom one is no longer in favour. One is incited to do this by religion, which frequently consoles one thereby.

It may happen that the feelings succeed one another so logically that each contains all that have gone before and adds something new to them. In his Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre, Goethe has drawn a picture of this progression. Wilhelm finds in Natalia that combined utility and activity which attracted him in Theresa, the moral loftiness of the

"noble soul," the elegance that pleased him in the countess, Mignon's aspirations towards higher things, and even the collection of pictures once possessed by his grandfather Meister. Wilhelm's love of Natalie is thus the sum total of all his other loves which culminate in it and which it completely satisfies and perfects. Still, this progress is perhaps not an absolute rule. Experience shows us too many hearts that are impoverished, too many loves that die, without giving birth to anything as great as themselves. Even though it were true that our dead feelings find in dreams, with the help of contingent associations, a kind of survival, this closely resembles death, that phantasmal existence in an unconsciousness from which they can escape for a few seconds only if some event of the day, like a libation of fresh blood, makes them capable of uttering two or three words before returning to their kingdom of silence. Nor is it certain that this transter of one feeling into another, so frequently manifested in motherly love, works in accordance with exact arithmetical law. In motherly love analyses can easily find past loves, though to what extent and in what condition? What great powers will the feeling not have lost during its metamorphoses? And are we not once again the dupes of resemblances in which we are determined to see identities -illusory perpetuities?

None the less it is true that, in a certain way,

the feelings can—and generally do—afford sustenance for one another. They become matter to which a new feeling gives a new form. This transformation is sometimes effected with imperceptible and majestic slowness, like a natural evolution, though it generally comes about after a brief and tragic struggle between a vanquished and dying feeling and a victorious feeling which is absorbing it.

And the very motives which make it possible for feelings, as we have seen, to blend together, and for each of them to be for all the rest a possibility of life or of survival, also cause them to oppose and thwart one another.

STRUGGLE OF THE FEELINGS WITH ONE ANOTHER

This opposition is made pathetic by reason of the restricted field of consciousness which each feeling attempts to occupy exclusively and by reason of the evil hazards of life which compel us to make a choice. Various feelings impel to contradictory acts between which the individual—more limited in his expression than in his impressions—must make a decision. Assuredly there is something artificial in the innumerable sentimental conflicts invented by men of letters, especially by dramatists. As a rule, fate does not set us dilemmas as difficult as does Corneille. But it suffices that we cannot do more than one thing at a time to be compelled to prefer a certain feeling to any other. We pay attention

to this conflict only if the choice is necessary and has to be manifested violently: for instance, if it is necessary to break with one of our friends in order to retain another. But still we had to cut short our visit to the latter in order to find time to go and see the former. And the opposition that now explodes is one which had been smouldering for years. This peace which our personality has been endeavouring to maintain between its various feelings, they know how precarious it is, and that, in spite of their apparent harmony, each of them increases at the expense of the other, or is diminished by it. They know that the slightest incident may break this peace. They live in a state of competition. and prepare themselves for inevitable wars. "If two called for help simultaneously, to which would you run?" What feelings can evade this question asked by Montaigne? The heart divines, and, sooner or later, facts ask this question.

Were there not these external conflicts, we know that each feeling is able to absorb in itself all the rest—since each feeling can serve to the rest as an equivalent and a symbol. Thus it must be confessed that there is not one—even the love of postage stamps or that of tulips—which a passionate lover should not dread. The lover of tulips, of whom La Bruyère speaks, perhaps had a wife whom he loved. Now he no longer thinks of anything but tulips; they alone fill his heart. Frequently it hap-

pens that the struggle goes on in the unconscious, that we are amazed when its result is perceived by us. It even happens that we may not know the issue; the victorious feeling allows the others apparently to exist: not calling for any categorical or material decision on our part. And so we know nothing of the drama which is played in our lives, because there is nothing to compel us to know it. The victorious feeling makes use of a mechanism set going by the vanquished feelings; it utilizes them in its service and keeps up in them an appearance of life, just as Fabre's sphex does with the insects whose nervous centres it paralyzes: though still living, they are nothing more than food for the larvæ of the sphex.

Finding there is nothing changed in our habits, we imagine that our former feelings continue and do not see that all that is left of them is automatic, that they no longer exist except as related to a rival feeling. A woman loved her husband. She has a son; now she loves her son alone. She does not see that she is ceasing to love her husband. To her the very idea of rivalry between these two loves would appear monstrous. Is he not her husband's son as well as her own? Why and how should she be compelled to choose? But, whereas formerly she loved other things in so far as they concerned her husband, now she loves her husband only in so far as he concerns her son. Her conjugal love no longer

introduces anything new to her heart. It is a case of the paralyzed insect on which the young sphex feeds.

Men do not need psychology to teach them this opposition of feelings to one another; they divine it. And that is the reason they are jealous.

JEALOUSY

Indeed, jealousy far oversteps the imaginative obsession by which Spinoza defines it. A dim sense of unrest as to the fragility of love, as to the menace against each feeling caused by the endless other possible or real feelings, one alone of which is sufficient to crush it, jealousy is brought face to face with the conspiracy of multiplicity against constancy, of time against eternity. It is natural and widespread, to such a degree that it is both found in the lowest animals and attributed to the gods. And, the stronger we regard the sentimental relation between God and men, the more of jealousy we attribute to God. The pagan deities are but slightly jealous; they are rather envious, tolerating in man neither excessive happiness nor excessive arrogance. The God of the Old Testament is more jealous, though principally of other gods, of Baal and Mammon. The God of the Gospels is jealous of everything, and of every love. He insists on His followers leaving everything, or, at all events, that they should be able to give up everything at a moment's notice.

He knows that the affection we bestow on others we risk sooner or later withdrawing from the love we ought to give to Him, that, instead of praying that His kingdom may come, we shall pray that He heal our daughter or our wife—as being the omnipotent servant of feelings which are not lavished on Him.

Jealousy then, in itself, is a legitimate passion, one made necessary by the very nature of the human heart. A being that loves struggles instinctively against everything that diverts from itself the being it loves—even if it be no more than its attention. La Germaine de Porto-Riche is quite as jealous of medicine as of the fine ladies who say pretty nothings to Etienne. She knows she is threatened immediately he thinks of anything else than herself. She is right; jealousy is limited to sex only if sex alone is loved. The real object of its dread is the destruction of the feeling it wishes to safeguard. What matter whether it is an idea or a woman, a lover or a God, that causes the death of this feeling?

It is because of jealousy that the feelings say with greater or ess distinctness: that which is not for me is against me. And, indeed, that which is not for them—or, rather, that which is not themselves—will serve to feed the feeling by which they will be supplanted. They know that they must incessantly conquer or perish. And jealousy is an expression of their anguish, maladroit indeed and almost

always powerless, before the growing battalions of the enemy. It reminds its victim of the fierce combat of the feelings with one another. All love aims after the totality of the person, and, if it is deep, suffers from not obtaining it.

This jealousy experienced towards what one loves is experienced for its own sake. The relation between feeling and the rest of the soul is similar to that between the beloved object and the rest of the world. We are jealous of our love as we are of the object we love. At a certain stage of potency, love is more tyrannical than the most suspicious mistress: we are as much afraid of loving less as of being less loved. We suffer from anything capable of diverting our powers from the object upon which alone we would like to concentrate them. As a rule, sexual love eludes this suffering because it pays more attention to the object it desires than to the states it experiences, and because it is able to impute to the loved one its own weakness. But if the object of one's love is divine, and consequently it is impossible to doubt it, then that form alone of jealousy subsists which dreads the inadequacy of what it gives, not of what it receives. How sublime the jealousy of a cloistral life! It is not unknown in human love. The main reason why Montaigne refuses to admit any participation in the friendship of which he speaks is that everyone is "sorry that he is not a hal, triple or quadruple person, that he has not many souls and many wills to devote them all to this subject." True love humbly depreciates the gifts it bestows. It allows nothing to distract from a treasure which seems to it so paltry that it scarcely dares to offer it, and which, moreover, it no longer regards as its own but as the property of the one to whom it has given it. One cannot serve both God and mammon, because charity never regards God as sufficiently served. Love knows no tolerance. It is in its nature to prefer its object to all other possible objects. Thus it can consider other feelings only as slaves of a master inferior to its own. If they resist, it kills them; if they do not resist, it binds them to its car in a triumphal procession which it ever regards as too unworthy of the sacred spot to which it is proceeding.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PLURALISM

Sentimental oppositions are too frequent and too tragic for it not to be extremely difficult to consider the various loves as successive manifestations of one and the same reality. We believe this point of view to be tenable, and even probable, in metaphysics. The transition from the one to the many, the division of the one whose parts are engaged in mutual strife, are not inconceivable. And perhaps the mind objects to admit this less than it does to deny monism and the absolute. But psychology knows no reality more deep-seated than that of the men who are torn

by such conflicts. What is more deep-rooted than the jealousy of Hermione, the doubt of Hamlet? To believe that in these combats both sides represent the same power and that, after all, whatever the issue, the victor is the same, is quivalent to a denial of their pathos. And philosophy sees but a phantasmagoria of appearances where psychology had seen the painful throbbing of human flesh. If we admit that all love leads to—and expresses—God, then the efforts of the saints to break their bonds will be no more than childish impatience desirous of hastening on an evolution that is inevitable and independent of the will.

Love, at the moment of experiencing it, is of no more importance than is a passing individual in an eternal species, the death of whom is no longer really a tragic event, seeing that the species remains, and the individual, being but one of its manifestations, will reappear in a new garb when he has had time to change mask and cloak behind the scenes. Even in Schopenhauer's philosophy, which is and insists on being so human, love and its tragedies after all appear to be a kind of spectacle, a projection of puppets we can no longer take seriously. For nothing could triumph over the sole interest which love safeguards. And, though philosophy attributes to absolute love (that of which experience knows nothing) all the seriousness it refuses to the loves observed by experience and felt by human beings, what matters it to psychology? It is these "phenomenal" loves whose nature and worth it would like to know. If they are reduced to one another, it is to psychology as though none of them existed, and that alone which it cannot know, which it has not to trouble about, exists. What of truth will there be if "ces bouches pleines d'ombre et ces yeux pleins de cris" are but frauds? Psychology owes it to itself to remain pluralist, it cannot believe in the identity of feelings which engage in warfare that is sometimes atrocious. Friendship is not the same thing as ambition. The love of God is not the same thing as the love of some particular woman. And if, beyond our knowledge and more especially our experience, love is still love, whatever be its present object and form, if feelings perhaps have a common origin, if they are found to possss a certain family resemblance which inclines one to believe this, then we shall say that they are brothers, though hostile brothers, who but too well give proof of their individual separateness by the blows they deal each other.

The first task of psychology is to describe. It inclines towards pluralism because the latter, enabling us to safeguard the endless variety of phenomena, authorizes all descriptions. It does not say: that being, this cannot be. It does not prevent work, by incessantly exacting accounts and justifications. It cannot be doubted but that the contemporary pluralist movement largely favoured the prog-

ress of psychology. It had psychologists for its promoters. The true psychologist believes little in unity; he is not afraid of contradiction. Here there is a contrast between the spirit of philosophy and that of psychology. The psychologist is interested more in man than in society, in individuals than in systems, in facts than in laws. He notes one mental state and then another; it is his pleasure to dwell on and imagine them, rather than to set up relations between them. He expresses himself in fragmentary style: he is fond of "maxims," "portraits," "reflections," "essays." But little attention is paid by him to coherency. He believes what he says, though always believing in the possibility of the contrary; for the discovery of one fact and then of another along opposing lines he does not regard as returning empty-handed but rather as returning with a double store of plunder. He considers doctrines only as more or less elegant means of setting forth a certain number of facts, as methods to be employed in seeking others; and he is somewhat astonished at doctrinal disputes: he had accepted these syntheses because he saw that they were verified by experience, but he did not take them so seriously as to think that no other synthesis was possible, or that these could exhaust the content of experience. It was right to call man interested, wicked, selfish, because wicked and selfish men exist; it was not wrong to say that man is good, since the

world is full of examples of kindness, generosity and altruism. The psychologist did not think that these makers of pessimistic or optimistic doctrines believed in them to that extent. And he is always a little surprised when he sees that philosophers believe unreservedly in what they write, and even that they scarcely believe in anything else.

The pure spirit of psychology is not intolerant. It is that of Montaigne, of Renan, of Sainte-Beuve, who never go so far that they are no longer able to return. A philosopher or a doctor may make innovations in psychology, they may discover and restore. The born psychologist, however, is characterized by a certain resignation, a certain indifference when confronted with contradiction—which philosophers and scientists lack—an acceptance of pluralism. And pluralism seems to be the very method, perhaps the condition, of all psychology. A monist may be a great psychologist, though a partial and temporary one. He necessarily reaches the conclusion that psychology is non-existent, says, as does M. Lachelier, that true psychology is metaphysics. But for the aid given to it by so many famous monists, psychology would be infinitely less opulent; though if the victory of these monists had been complete, psychology would no longer exist.

Thus it is perfectly natural that it should be—and remain—pluralistic.

But if psychology has to struggle against any

metaphysics-materialistic or spiritualistic-which would force it to monism, it has no motive for imposing its pluralism on metaphysics. On the contrary, we think that monistic metaphysics is preferable for it, because then the boundary line between psychology and metaphysics is clearly indicated. Psychology is warned that, if it turns to monism, it is leaving the ground which has devolved upon it. And it can fortify itself thereon all the better as it is given increasingly to believe that beyond this ground there is something else, a place it cannot reach, where contradictions are resolved into harmonies and multiplicity is reabsorbed into the One. Its pluralism becomes more acceptable, even to itself, if set forth as relative to itself and not as the ne plus ultra of human thought.

When the pluralists say: You must believe that feelings are multiple and distinct, first because they are thus revealed to consciousness, then because reducing them to identity means either nothing at all or else the destruction of psychology, they say something which, in our opinion, cannot be gainsaid. They are wrong, however, when they claim that to know whether, within our experience, feelings proceed or not from a single source, is immaterial. The implacableness of the pluralists and the opposition of the monists suffices to prove that the question is not immaterial. It is not immaterial to the purest psychology: for the idea that feelings are trans-

formed into and can be reduced to one another explains many facts and incites one to fruitful investigation. Nor is it immaterial for what M. Schiller calls "humanism." For if we cannot dispute with pluralists the tragic character of love; if, as we imagine, there is something offensive, almost odious, in repudiating this tragic aspect or in reconciling ourselves to it by noble speculations; if we are to regard it as irreducible, it would still not be just or even altogether in conformity with the affirmations of consciousness to refuse any value at all to the philosophical view of love, which regards love as a play, a play full of music and colour—and sometimes of a very moving character—to which God or men-treat themselves. Just as there is the blue sky above the clouds, so there must be-and man almost always believes that there is-something above jealousy and the bloody battles of love. We will leave this to the philosophers; the psychologist does not aspire to such heights.

And so everything takes place as though love had no fixed determination. On this view, the only possible cause of the feelings is an absolute which psychology has no means of knowing. The question of the origin of love remains unanswered. It comes now from one thing, now from another—at its own pleasure. It uses tendencies and perceptions, vanities and ambitions, as paths along which to reach us—handles with which to take hold of us. We can-

not say that it comes about in such and such a fashion, but only that it shows itself to us in such and such a fashion. The genesis of love is a problem of pure ontology—or else it is not a problem at all. Psychology can know only the production of such a state, by such a love, in such a person. Nor has it any motive for attributing greater reality to the person than to the love felt by the person.

Nevertheless, if we would seek to understand love, as such, we must abandon that principle of reason which brings us up against an insurmountable wall. We must consider the feelings once they are in being, and appeal, not to the principle of causality, but to that of identity. Not knowing whence love comes, fearing that we shall never know it, believing that—like thought—it comes from God—or comes from nowhere, we should content ourselves with knowing what it is: whether it is simple or compound, and what are its elements?



SECOND ENQUIRY

The Nature of Love

Περὶ ἐρωτος, Πότερα θεός τις ἡ δαίμων, ἡ παθος τι της Ψυχης; (Plotinus, Enn., III. v.)

Is love a God, a daimon, or a passion of the soul?



CHAPTER I

SENTIMENTAL DYNAMISM

LOVE AND PSYCHOLOGICAL STATES

O Spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou! That, notwithstanding thy capacity Receiveth as the sea, naught enters there Of what validity and pitch soe'er But falls into abasement and low price Even in a minute.

(Shakespeare. Twelfth Night.)

FEELINGS CAN BE CONCEIVED ONLY AS FORCES

When we observe, whether from the outside the feelings of others, or from the inside our own feelings, we first of all see in them a certain force, a dynamism.

PRACTICAL OBSERVATION

In ordinary life, each one is called upon to judge questions of feeling. A bank director cannot be wholly disinterested in the love of his clerk for a young actress. Of course, he does not wish to be mixed up in his clerk's personal affairs. He must

know, all the same, whether or not the young man's passion will induce him to rob the till and run away to Belgium. This eventuality depends on the clerk's "character," i.e., his past life, his respectability... etc.; it depends also on the feeling experienced by the young man. The problem for the director is a problem in mechanics: two forces which must be appraised in order to forecast which will prove the stronger.

Similar motives compel every master to form for himself some knowledge of the feelings of the men he controls. Are the ambition, the vain-glory, the cupidity, the heroism of X . . . sufficiently powerful for him to be willing to run such a risk? This is a question which Napoleon must frequently have asked himself, one, too, that must present itself to a sergeant of infantry when choosing his patrol. And as each man is more or less master in his own family, he, too, is compelled to create for himself his own effective psychology. It is also the same with the inferior who desires to obtain something from a superior.

These questions are asked in such different ways that the psychology of feelings is actually more studied than that of individuals. Each man draws up for his own convenience a table of respective values—co-efficients which he assigns to sexual love, ambition, avarice, snobbery, patriotism . . . etc. Should one study masses of people? Is there not

sufficient time to study the individual as such? The table is consulted, and no change is made in it. Are we to study a given person? In that case, we try to find out wherein the relation of his feelings differs from the relation-types given in the table. Mr. Such a One is a man whose avarice is stronger than his vanity, in whom sexual love is more powerful than ambition . . . etc. Everything comes about as though, good sense putting faith in the reality of the feelings, we were to define by them the individuals we examine.

To this psychology, wholly directed towards action, it is manifest that feelings are and can be only forces calculated to bring about certain results, remove certain obstacles, or set up certain oppositions. Will the bank clerk rob the till? Will the soldier courageously withstand the enemy's fire? Will the girl become the young man's mistress? It is this that is important. "How far will this go?" "How long will this last?" That is what we should like to know.

Thus we are led to picture wholly mechanical images behind the word "feeling." To many people these are watch springs; and the time they last gauges the power and reveals the value of the feelings. A girl in love, if it takes her two years to forget the youth, will be regarded as experiencing a far stronger feeling than another girl who, in like condition, takes only three or four months to console

herself, i.e., to marry another man. Middle-class families generally sum up a girl's love either by the time it takes for her to agree to a marriage of reason, or by the number of pounds she loses in weight.

Instead of regarding love as a spring, we may picture it as a lever. Then it is gauged by the weight it raises; dishonour, ruin and crime, both accepted and committed, will show its strength. Psychology tends, if interpreted in this way, to express itself by a series of inequalities. The love of God is stronger than family love . . . etc. This current idea is applied by dramatists who almost invariably deal with sexual love, though they regard it as little else than a means of expressing tragic action. They invent ingenious scales for weighing these forces and exhibiting their weight to the public. Rodrigue prefers "his honour to Chimène and Chimène to his life." Andromache prefers her love to her life, her son to her love. Here the necessities of practical action and of artistic expression are almost the same. On the stage, as in actual life, feelings have little more interest for us than through the events they produce. It is events that make us appreciate them . . . and perhaps events that enable us to understand and perceive them. As a rule, we understand a feeling only through its relations with the feelings opposed to it and revealed by Even as regards persons for whom we have considerable affection, we attach no great importance to their feelings if these latter admit of no practical result whatsoever. The amours of marriageable girls and of adulterous women rouse the keenest interest—confidants are not lacking. The sorrows and griefs of widows soon tire one: they should keep such emotions to themselves. The same with the happiness of married couples. Not that we are incapable of pity or sympathy, but that we are able to observe feelings only mechanically and to find interest in them only because of the actions they bring about.

INTERIOR OBSERVATION

Interior observation likewise results in a mechanical conception of love. It is not at the outset so easy as might be imagined to distinguish it from ordinary observation.

Interested observation.—Indeed, it very often happens that we regard our own feelings as those of a stranger. No doubt the well-balanced man sees in his feelings something of which his will remains master, not fatalities to which he has to submit. This fatalistic vision is the peculiarity of the neurasthenic. Here, however, there is very little difference between the neurasthenic and the normal person; for, while a feeling must always seem capable of being put in better order and transformed, it is difficult, for one who feels love

strongly, to regard it as a creation of the will, always repealable. Those who claim to have complete mastery over their feelings are few; we are inclined to think, not without reason, that this kind of love is no love at all, and that what they call self-mastery is really the absence of feeling altogether.

We have seen that love refuses to allow itself to be reduced to the subject who experiences it. It regards itself as a "passion," an alien force suddenly dominating us. Thus do most people accept the data of their consciousness and examine into their own heart as they do into the heart of others. The very circumstances which enable them to judge of the feelings of another reveal to them their own feelings. They ask themselves, both as regards themselves and as regards others: "How long will this last?" "How far will that go?" because in both cases the thing that is important to them is to find out what is going to happen and what it is advisable to do. The feelings we experience, like those we observe, seem to be forces whose effects must be foreseen and whose energies must be utilized as far as possible.

"Disinterested" interior analysis.—Nevertheless, there are disinterested analyses and observations. Still, though we were to break with pragmatism, we should not have got rid of dynamism.

Analysis, indeed, while decomposing a feeling, finds a host of psychological states: a love, an ambi-

tion, a mass of memories and judgments, sensations and desires, etc., organized in relation to one another and forming in the mind a whole distinct from the rest. None of these states constitutes feeling, for they may be imagined without it, and it without them. I regard Mrs. X . . . as beautiful, but I regard Mrs. Y . . . as beautiful also: I find Mrs. X very intelligent, but I also find Miss Z very intelligent. I have tender memories of accompanying her on a walk around the lake in the Bois de Boulogne; I have also tender memories of accompanying my grandmother on walks round the very same lake. I passionately desire Mrs. X . . . but then, a few minutes ago, did I not passionately desire the milkmaid walking along the street? Feeling cannot be only the sum total of psychological states none of which belongs to it in its own right. The one essential is the relation they have together, the bond that unites them. Now, I am unable to conceive this bond otherwise than as a mental fact—which would subsequently, by the action of its synthetic power confer apparent unity on this multiplicity—or as a force interior to this multiplicity which would give it real unity.

Indeed, to say that some particular mental state forms part—or does not form part—of a feeling is to say: either that my mind has thus decreed for motives which a criticism of knowledge will no doubt explain better than will a criticism of love; or that the first of these states is co-ordinated by a certain "continuum" to a series of other states, and that it is not so with the second. The mind must create or establish the relation between psychological states the totality of which constitutes "my feeling." If it creates this relation, my feeling is, after all, only a way of speaking, a category in which I find it convenient to place certain of my facts, something of which I speak and which exists only in so far as I speak of it. If, on the other hand, the relation is a real one and exists apart from the mind which establishes it, then my love is not the simple mass of states which it comprises but an unknown quantity, an X, which unites these states to one another.

But the process by which analysis decomposed it into a multitude of parts was then illegitimate. It had no right to disregard that whereby the compound is made up. Suffice it to refer to the criticisms of Bergsonism, for the analysis of feeling encounters the same difficulties as the analysis of movement. To claim to re-create love out of the mental states found in it is to claim to re-create movement out of the different positions of the thing moved: in a word, it is to deny feeling and movement which are simply verbal phantoms or else realities which no analysis can grasp. Here, as elsewhere, analysis is led to deny the very object of its investigation, or to be brought to a stand before a continuum it has no means of knowing. In so

far as it works by analysis, inner—as well as outer—observation can see in the feelings only words devoid of meaning—until it gives them one—or else forces whose effects, but not nature, it is able to apprehend.

For the present, we do not wish to choose between these two hypotheses. Besides, here also we should incline towards pluralism. It appears to us quite impossible to say that the feelings are nothing but mental aspects. We believe, however, that certain experiences, on which we shall insist later on, can be explained better by the first of these hypotheses, and that frequently love is really a mode of speaking, a thing spoken about. We shall even attempt to distinguish between the feelings that exist and those which the mind invents for the convenience of its representations. Without encroaching upon these ulterior investigations, it is sufficient to show that analysis necessarily ends in a continuum which can scarcely be conceived otherwise than as a dynamism.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ANALYSIS PRESUPPOSES MENTAL STATES AND DYNAMISM DISTINCT FROM THEM

It is impossible not to see here a check for analysis. The dynamism of feeling is, first, what remains of it after analysis has acted as well as it can on the states that make it up. It expresses the inability of analysis to account for love. Analysis must acknowledge dynamism since it finds itself con-

fronted with a limit it cannot go beyond. But it can only do this unwillingly, it endeavours to thrust ever farther back the limit at which its power ceases

EFFORTS OF ANALYSIS TO OVERCOME THIS DISTINCTION

It is therefore tempted to bring into the foreground the question of sentimental selection and to neglect that of sentimental impulse. It would like to assume sentimental impulse as something automatic and, as far as possible, imperceptible. Once for all, we admit that man "tends" towards this or that, it matters little which; the main thing is to take at the outset the direction which will subsequently have to be followed. If this is granted, analysis will have no difficulty in telling us what direction love takes. Far from explanations being impossible, they will rather err on the side of excess. Indeed, there are no things so far asunder that ingenuity cannot link them together by a longer or shorter chain of associations. Consequently, it is possible to deduce any feeling from any other without doing violence to logic. We know that they can all be deduced from amour-propre. It is not much more difficult to deduce them all from sexual love, or from the love of God, or from friendship. Providing we first employ dynamism, we find it whenever we please.

Sooner or later, however, account must be taken

of this initial movement. Psychology then endeavours, for the most part, to transfer the dynamic irrational elsewhere than into its own studies—wherein it applies the ordinary method of science, though, it must be confessed, far less coherently.

The great doctrines examined in our preceding investigation all aim at getting rid of this black valet. Dynamism is regarded as in the "object" of love, as an "attraction" which, in the subject, becomes "impulse," and it is the duty of ontology to explain it to us. Or else it is said to be deep within the personality; we endeavour to transform personal energy into sentimental energy-and it is incumbent on the psychology of the person, not on that of love, to explain this. Or again we attempt to utilize the movement found in the material universe in order to derive erotic dynamism therefrom, and it is for biology and physiology to solve the problem. Or, finally, we attribute to the collective masses an energetic power which will explain that of love-and it is for sociology—not for psychology—to understand the dynamism. In every case, the explanatory process amounts to calling upon another science to supply the psychology of feelings with the force that it needs.

This, however, cannot take place without serious drawbacks. Indeed, if the reality in love is this movement which animates it, and if this movement is carried on far away from the psychological states

which it co-ordinates, what reality are we to attribute to those states on which analysis works? Are they not simple views of the mind on this movement? From it they obtain their reality. Do they not lose it as soon as analysis isolates them from it? Is not the process whereby analysis considers one or more states as though they existed apart from this continuity an arbitrary one? And do not the states with which it deals differ fundamenally from those along which feeling passes? Indeed, either these states are really a minute in the life of a love, the whole of this love at a fixed stage of its course—and we have no more the right to cut them up than a fragment of Bergsonian duration-or else they are only signs by means of which the mind pictures to itself a dynamism which it cannot otherwise apprehend. Then analysis simply finds in love what it has placed there itself, and the concrete value of psychology is not much greater than that of mathematics.

If I scatter iron filings over a sheet of paper and place a magnet near the paper, the filings will form themselves into certain figures which will make sensitive the magnetic field and reveal certain of its properties. But I must consider the grains of metallic dust either as forming part of the magnetic field (and I have no right to remove them from the sheet of paper, for, from the point of view that interests me—the study of magnetism—the non-magnetized grains differ largely from the magne-

tized ones), or else as a convenient symbol for bringing the magnetic field before the eyes; but then they have only a demonstrative value, and I have no need to examine them further. In no way can I claim to reconstruct the magnetic field with the iron filings, once the magnet is away, and it would be absurd to claim to define it by the chemical properties or the number of the filings. In the first case, however, the filings give us real information as to the magnetic field: they are, after their fashion, the field itself; whereas, in the second case, they are nothing but a sort of metaphor. It is the same with psychological states. If we think that they form an integral part of sentimental dynamism, we have no right to remove them therefrom and use them anyhow; though it may be expedient to consider them.

In the second case we have the right to remove them from this dynamism, since they are really distinct from it, but they can no longer afford us any information about this dynamism, of which they are the temporary symbol, arbitrarily chosen by the mind. And it must be confessed that psychology is a sort of wicked puzzle consisting in cutting into tiny pieces the picture of a person and in imagining it can make the person over again by combining the pieces.

TRAUMATIC STATES

Psycho-analysis.—It is therefore necessary to reduce the distance separating these atoms from this continuum. Just as physics, after inventing lifeless

atoms and placing movement by their side like a God in space, now charges them with energy and tries to obtain from them movement and space; so psychology attempts to endow mental states with an energy from which it will extract the sentimental dynamism. Hence we have "traumatic states" on which all analytical psychology falls back, either in a literary or in a scientific form.

Perhaps we cannot find a better description of them than that supplied by the works of Freud. It is known that he regards psychological analysis as a judicial investigation. Given a disorder, we must find the "past state" responsible for this disorder. This psychological state is endowed with a particular force owing to which it constitutes a system of very numerous psychological states: a complex, a mental disorder or a feeling. And psycho-analytical "treatment" consists in arresting the criminal mental state and forcibly bringing it before the conscience for judgment.

The same traumatic power, however, cannot be accorded to all mental states, for that would be of no use, and analysis would continue to know nothing of how the complex is formed. It must be recognized that some states are traumatic and others are not. Things take place in the "psyche" as in society, where we find honest peasants and law-abiding bourgeois, and then a few criminals, factionists, or geniuses, who disturb everything and upset the

equilibrium. But then we cannot help wondering what makes a mental state traumatic or what prevents this. Analysis will first try to explain the traumatic power of these states by their relations to other already existing complexes. Thus it can postpone the moment of explanation. It will have to come to it in the end. Then we see that analysis has but presented, for a privileged mental state, the problem which was presented for all mental states included in feeling—but that it has by no means solved it. The traumatic power of a state does not depend on the nature of that state as such (supposing the idea of a "state as such" to have a meaning). It depends on its relation to something other than itself, to other states—and then we find ourselves moving in a vicious circle, since the "traumatic potency" of the first state served us only to explain its relations to the rest-or else on its relation to any force whatsoever that is in them, or between them or below them. Platonic "reminiscence" is insufficient to explain love; we must still admit in man a DESIRE to relive his former existence, a vaque REGRET for the past, a dim HOPE in the future. The traumatic state also is inadequate to account for feeling, or even for neurosis. There must also be admitted a certain TENDENCY which will confer on it its traumatic value; love itself qua dynamism. This is what Freud calls libido.

Recourse to dynamism.—Thus psycho-analysis,

after considering the "psyche" as a society of mental states living together though quite distinct from one another, appeals finally to a dynamic continuum. It even demands two: a force which drives desires upon desires, the libido, and a force which opposes and represses these desires, a censure, a "self." Psycho-analysis would seem to tend to regard the libido as a physiological potency of nature and censure as a sociological potency of nature; and this is very plausible. By this appeal to two dynamisms, psycho-analysis shows the frontiers of analysis to whose limits after all it would seem improbable that psychic reality could correspond. This molecular conception of feeling may be valid, qua method. It is then justified by the results it obtains and can be disqualified only after an experimental examination of these results. But though we recognize the full actual value of this method—which indeed seems undeniable-we could no longer accept the doctrinal postulates on which it rests. It requires solid mental states, identical in each and easily worked by the mind. It also requires a dynamism which it applies and rejects at pleasure amid this mass of mental states and which it also regards as identical in each. To be sure, it is arbitrary to separate in this fashion mental states and dynamism, since experience presents them together and analysis must finally reunite them: one cannot think that nothing changes in the states when some are rejected and movement is applied to them. Thus it is arbitrary to regard these states as identical without taking into account either individuals or moments. As for the identity of the dynamisms offered by experience, we know that metaphysics alone can defend—and even imagine—it. Libido is an ontological will, and to the extent that it admits of libido we have the right to say that psycho-analysis is disguised metaphysics—perhaps Schopenhauer's metaphysics disguised.

Unreality of traumatic states.—These objections, which Bergson brought against associationism, can be applied to many methods; no doubt they transcend psychology. In spite of them, we may retain the analytical method, since far more perfect sciences than psychology employ methods that are good in practice without regarding them as based a priori in the nature of things. But, then, we must not exalt the method into a doctrine or believe that reality is in conformity with it. We are put too much on our guard by contemporary science against these encroachments. Psycho-analysis desires to be "pansexual." Nothing could be more legitimate. Since it gives mental states their traumatic value at its pleasure, we do not see what prevents it from reserving this value for states that are sexual in origin or in appearance. But of course it might as readily derive "complexes" from ambition. It would suffice to check analysis at "ambitious" mental states instead of checking it at "sexual" mental states, and to attribute to the former the traumatic value we prefer to attribute to the latter. It would suffice to call "libido," "ambitio," just as Nietzsche calls the will of Schopenhauer "the will to power." This, moreover, is the doctrine of Adler and his disciples.

Indeed, psychology is free to choose the "systems of co-ordinates" it wishes in order to depict sentimental dynamism, though on condition of not regarding these co-ordinates as corresponding to reality and of not expecting to reconstruct dynamism on views adopted therefrom. We may regard psychological states, now as given independently of dynamism, now as points at which observation notes the passage of this dynamism. In the same way, we may consider iron filings, now as iron whose nature we are studying, now as the visible symbol of a magnetic field; but we must not trifle with these two conceptions; we must not think that with a sufficient number of iron filings we could recreate a magnetic field, or that the soul is a compound of little squares like an engineer's table. No one looks on the earth's surface for the lines of longitude, though scientists and mariners make use of them.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HOPE

Thus we look upon psychological states as analogous to data, chosen by the mind to determine the starting-point of a sentimental élan and its suc-

cessive phases. Scientific psychology is tempted to exalt these states into dynamogenic causes, because it invariably seeks to apply to feeling the principle of reason. The tendency of current psychology somewhat differs therefrom; it seeks rather to apply to feeling the principle of finality. It looks upon the privileged state which should explain love to us as a future state, regarded by the subject as possible and as preferable to its present state—hope. We can easily find in literature, in Stendhal for instance, the same process as that of psycho-analysis, though working backwards. Like Freud, Stendhal believes in the symbolism of mental states, thus explaining the dynamogenic power of certain of them. For an analyst, however, a mental state derives its power from the previous states it represents or containsmemories; for a novelist it rather derives its power from the hope to which it is linked. The novelist thinks somewhat in this fashion: Mr. X hopes to possess Mrs. Z. He wishes Mrs. Y to give a ball because he expects to see Mrs. Z there. And how he puts himself about! The persons and the events likely to favour or to impede his plan have a sentimental importance in his eyes. He turns pale when he meets Mrs. Y.'s daughter or her coachman. The ball, which was a means, subordinate to the hope of possessing Mrs. Z, becomes an end and symbolizes such possession. The equivalents will become strange if superstition, almost inseparable from sexual love, comes into play. X will believe that the ball will take place if he encounters Mr. O in the street, because, in the past, events fortunate for X have happened some time after encountering Mr. O in the street. And, as the ball signifies the possession of Mrs. Z, the encounter with Mr. O will signify the ball. The series may be prolonged indefinitely. The novelist attempts to follow it, whilst the analyst tries to get back to its source. At the bottom of this anxiety, pathological maybe, of Mr. O, he will discover the hope of the ball and the love of X for Mrs. Z (he will discover many other things in addition, for this love for Mrs. Z, and the superstition regarding O, need to be studied more completely). It is evident that both attitudes are very similar to each other.

And so the same objections are valid against the psychology of hope and against that of traumatism. We can no more derive dynamism from an ulterior than from an anterior state, if we have not first taken dynamism as given. The finalist explanation encounters the same obstacle as the causal explanation. Hope does not explain love, it is love that explains hope. And it is a commonplace to say that we do not love because we hope, but that we hope because we love.

Nevertheless, as frequently happens in psychology, the finalist explanation possesses great advantages over the causal explanation. It is far more in

conformity with actual experience: for a psychic development rather resembles a synthesis than an analysis, an addition than a division.

Indeed, consciousness does not ask dynamism where it comes from, whereas it does ask where it is going. Thus the causal traumatic state seems to be an invention of our understanding which would "comprehend" our love, whereas hope is a condition of our sensibility resulting from the fact that the sentimental dynamism moves in a conscious subject. It accompanies love necessarily, for this force must have a direction; and hope is nothing but the determination of this force by a point chosen in the future.

The question whether hope is or is not necessary to love seems to have occupied men's minds considerably in the seventeenth century. Probably much of this controversy hinged on the differences of meaning given to the word—hope. If it is meant to be a future state regarded as possible by the judgment, and if we give the name of desire to hope when the one who feels it considers it to be unreasonable—then manifestly love may subsist by desire alone. But we think it preferable to extend the meaning of the word hope to states and facts wished for, even though the judgment should have not the faintest belief in their realization—and to retain the word desire for a certain mental disposition which presupposes no necessary future and may be conceived

as subsisting in the present alone. Hope would appear to imply a change in time which desire by no means implies. Now, all love takes a future for granted, since it is a force that acts in time. Consequently, it takes for granted a hope, which reason may judge to be improbable, but in which the will believes, since it tends thereto, as well as the imagination, since it pictures it to the mind. Thus Oronte and Les Précieuses believed that, if hope really were to fail, love could not continue to exist. The question, ridiculous enough in Le Misanthrope, had to be asked much more seriously in the Issy controversies. It was to maintain the necessity of hope, "if not at every moment, at all events in every condition," that the Catholic doctors were induced to reject the quietism of Fénelon. The Church regarded as chimerical a feeling which seemed to have no object. Indeed, it is by hope that feeling is determined. It is by hope that it exclaims to us: "I am here," and that the human consciousness apprehends it. A love without an original mental state from which it proceeds is a love we do not understand; but a love without a hope to which it tends is a love we do not know and of which we cannot be aware, because we cannot imagine movement without direction.

The finalist explanation then is much more inevitable than the causal, though we must acknowledge that it is no more firmly grounded in reason. Hope is indispensable to a knowledge of love: but it

cannot create love. These objects move us only to the extent that we have previously been moved. In reality, they are produced by the stirrings of love. They mean nothing more than its progress; and we find them retreating before it as it advances—like the line of the horizon, with all its illusions, before a caravan.

Man has a shrewd suspicion of this truth. He needs no criticism to guess that hope is a "form a priori" of love, a condition necessary in order that the consciousness may perceive it, not an end that it can reach. Man divines that hope is based on a sophism. And, indeed, it implies contradiction, since, in hope, love regards itself both as being and as not being any longer, and since it presupposes both the persistence and the arrest of its own movement. If the dynamism subsists, the hoped-for facts may take place: the hoped-for state will not come about, for, instead of being freed, we shall still be striving after a new object, as distant as the other. And, if the dynamism does not subsist, the hoped-for state will not take place either, for we shall have become indifferent to what we so strongly wished. Hope is an anticipated negation of love in itself. It corresponds to nothing real, to nothing truly possible, and makes us conscious only of emotional activity. Thus, lovers and sages alike are at one in mistrusting it. "The real pleasure in love," says La Rochefoucauld, "is to love." Indeed, the real lover ought

not to ask for anything else. Whosoever in loving expects to attain an object will be deceived. The only way to acquiesce in unreserved and irreparable love is to love its action for itself alone, like the motion of a steamer, without any thought of the harbour. If Fénelon was "chimerical" in advocating a "pure love" devoid of hope, he was certainly right in believing that love implies hope and is not a consequence thereof, and that he would free himself from it if he could free himself from change. Hope, in effect, is but the image of love in consciousness—the reflection of love upon time. Hope and love we regard as inseparable, and so they are to us, because we look upon movement and time as connected. But is this bond real, or is it imposed by the "carnal" nature of our mind? We must agree with Fénelon that the saints no longer need to hope in God in order to love God, if the élan of their charity no longer needs time in order that it may continue. We see that Fénelon's theories, plausible enough for paradise, were dangerous and even untenable in matters concerning this earth.

PRIORITY OF DYNAMISM OVER MENTAL STATES

Thus sentimental dynamism is not simply a hypothesis convenient for uniting together the mental states "offered by experience." On the contrary, these states would seem to be but symbols by whose means the intellect endeavours to picture this dynamical states.

mism and the consciousness attempts to perceive it. The "coup de foudre" of the initial traumatism simply means that we are beginning to think it; it is a date at which it pleases us to open up a new epoch. And hope simply means that we are assigning a possible term to dynamism. That élan of love is not something we have invented on account of the mental states, in order to connect traumatism and hope: it is these mental states that we have invented, more or less on its account.

Instead of dissecting a love, as though it were some dead thing regarding which we risk forgetting that it was recently alive, let us try to resurrect it. First we remember definite states that refer to material facts: a rendezvous, expectation, a kiss, a letter. . . . A photograph album whose pages we idly turn over! Nothing has reawakened within us of our past love. And now we stop dwelling on souvenirs, we feel within ourselves something that is no longer a souvenir localized in a former existence from which an abyss separates us, and which has nothing in common with our present existence, but something that continues, that begins over again. To some extent, the heart has regained its past atti-We cease telling ourselves, with facts and dates, a story, which happens to be our own, though we seem to tell it as though it were that of a friend. We are not the lovers we were, neither are we of those who remember having loved, now that they no

longer love. In our soul is taking place a kind of dance which sums up and epitomizes a past movement, the rhythm of which is still present, still carrying us away . . . the enthusiastic élan of the past! We are thrilled by this tumult of body and mind. Will enthusiasm again set our muscles moving? No longer are we concerned with this rustic seat, the moonlight and sweet odours of all these mental states which speed through our memory without one of them stopping us; we are concerned with our past love speaking to us, still living for a few minutes, a powerful though fleeting shade.

Memory, gradually bringing us back to reality, has retraced backwards the road traversed by life. Just as, in excavating, we first come upon the things piled atop and only afterwards reach the original construction. The mental states, now souvenirs, were but rubbish for the memory . . . rubbish which must be thrust on one side and neglected, though doubtless in fact, at the outset, when consciousness recognized them as present, they were not something else—a mass of dust and ashes. The true reality, the "immediate datum," was that continuous and increasing flux, that movement which bore us along through successive joys and sorrows like swirling eddies on the surface of a stream.

This élan is love itself; to-day when resurrecting it and recently when living it. Has it stopped? Then our love seems to us the love of another. We

believe in it, because of testimony, just as we believe in the war of 1870. To make it again present, all that is needed is a timid prolongation of this dynamism, though this is necessary. No more than analysis or reflection can memory re-create a feeling out of mental states unless it be given something more, because mental states are nothing else than abstract views, something added on to feeling by the consciousness and the mind.

In its essence, then, love appears before us as an élan analogous to Bergson's duration. What experience better than that of love enables us to conceive of this moving and ever growing continuity?

The philosophies of love seem all the more true—they ring all the more true—the nearer they approach to this dynamism. What is most striking and substantial in the theory of Plato is that it represents love as an undefined dialectic, as a daimon making one cease to be what one is in order to become something else, and again something else. Agathos, and assuredly Eriximachus, could have told us the meaning of engendering in beauty. The great truth which Diotima reveals to Socrates and Socrates to his friends is that love is in no way a god, but a way leading to God, and that its undeniable theoretical inferiority to truth and justice, beauty and goodness, is the ransom of its human and practical superiority over them.

After all, in spite of its inadequacy, even its ab-

surdities, it is the same thought that constitutes the force of the Schopenhauerian doctrine. It is difficult to believe in the genius of the species—more than in the giants and the kobolds of the Hartz mountains—but the doctrine continues—and in all probability will continue—to have vogue because Schopenhauer insisted on regarding love as a force first of all, and because he heard, and caused others to hear, an echo of its rumbling.

This dynamic conception of love is becoming familiar, perhaps not so much through philosophers as through musicians and the increasing influence of music. The plastic arts can picture only the attitudes of feelings and it may be that the tendency to confuse the expression of feelings with the feelings themselves is due to excessive complacency towards plastic expression.

Literature is able to picture only the successive states of the mind: its natural mode of working is by analysis. Perhaps the tendency to derive feelings from the states which they "include" is due to excessive complacency towards literature.

The art which can express this dynamism, this progressive élan, is music. It does not seem to us true, pace M. Chartier, that music "retains of the passions only the regal gesture whereby the mind withdraws itself therefrom." Music is not so Apolline as M. Chartier would have it. There breathes in it a mystic genius which delights in reproducing

and even in prolonging the tumultuous stirrings of the heart. Do not these élans which fall back to earth, these expansions which begin to contract, this sequence of speeding up and slowing down, these pursuits of sounds by sounds, these forces which animate the melodies they encounter, which twist and stretch them and then abandon them after becoming impregnated with their substance—present so true a picture of the feelings that one would call them a particular kind of feeling which would seem to produce and co-ordinate sounds instead of mental states? The man whose feelings have caused him too great suffering, and therefore who mistrusts them, will welcome the other arts but will reject music: for music is neither a pure memory nor a pure representation of love: it is a love still—always present, because it is mobility, a dynamism, by means of which the other powers are roused to manifestation

THE NATURE OF PURE DYNAMISM

If we would reserve the word "psychological" for whatsoever concerns the states of consciousness, it is clear that the nature of sentimental dynamism is not psychological, seeing that it is not a consequence of these states.

In the previous investigation we have examined whether it is possible to assign to it some other origin or attribute to it a different nature. And we have had to halt before the difficulties inevitable in any solution of this kind. In this dynamism, as soon as it is perceptible to us, we really find traces—echoes as it were—of a more ancient past. But is this past always the same? And cannot all these attempts, after all, be reduced to regarding as identical the irrationals we find in love and those we find elsewhere? We are tempted to think so, because we prefer to be ignorant of one thing rather than of two. Still, as M. Meyerson says, there is no reason for agreeing with Hegel that the irrational of chemistry and the irrational of history are one and the same irrational, nor that one thing is identical with another simply because neither the one nor the other can be reduced to a third.

We may ask ourselves whether, at the root of all these doctrines, there are not simply illegitimate metaphors. Not one of them is more seductive than that which mistakes the sentimental élan for the stirrings of sexual desire. No comparison is more perceptible to the imagination, and nothing seems more reasonable; for sexual love, before rising to the surface of consciousness, generally places itself in line with instinct; and, in spite of a few errors, it may be regarded as a lucid guide which does not too greatly deceive the bodies of those who hand over to it their souls. This harmony between love and an instinct on which nutrition and secretion impose a necessary rhythm incites us to seek after a re-

semblance between the development of love and the alternate development peculiar to sexual desire. We are forced to recognize, however, that this resemblance is non-existent. On the contrary, sentimental dynamism would appear to have considerable difficulty in accommodating itself to the rhythm of the physical desires. And, without having recourse to Plato's spiritualistic comparisons, it is clear that the most carnal "arts of love" actually seek after means of bringing about this harmony between the psychological and the physiological stirrings of love —proving that there is no natural harmony between them. We cannot attribute to ambition or avarice, to friendship or patriotism, the abrupt, jerky and discontinuous rhythm manifested in sexual desire. And so the moralists of the seventeenth century were inclined to seek after the feeling-type not so much in sexual love as in ambition, the dynamism of which offers a far greater continuity.

Ambition does not continually believe, as does sexual love, in gratified satiation; nor is it continually being astonished at its ever repeated disappointments. Lovers, by a strange naïveté, almost always imagine that they will be satisfied once they possess the object of their love. On the other hand, we read in Plato that young Alcibiades would refuse a kingdom, however extensive, if the one condition assigned were that he must confine himself to it. The fact is that he would rather conquer than pos-

sess. And this is what true ambition is, this is what King Pyrrhus had in mind, though he did not explain it to his foolish confidant. Ambition assigns to itself definite objects; it needs them for its own progress. To it, however, each goal, from the very outset, is but a stage towards another vaster and more distant goal. It knows itself to be pure dynamism.

It is thus natural that clear-sighted moralists, seeing that the essence of all feelings is an endless development, should find themselves compelled to reduce them to ambition. La Rochefoucauld felt this when he wrote that "love is in the soul a certain passion for ruling." It seems probable that Nietzsche also meant to effect this reduction when he based the whole of his philosophy on the will to power. Is not cupidity an ambition concentrated on riches alone? And, in spite of the noble scruples of Saint John of the Cross, is there not in the sublimest love of God a certain "spiritual ambition"? Does not François Xavier, when starting off to win over fresh continents to the Gospel, give one the impression of a mystical conquistador? Does not Saint Francis of Assisi challenge the priests of Mahomet, as one knight sends another a cartel for a tournament? And is not Fénelon himself, when he thinks of leaving for the Orient "to drive back the Turks," ambitious in the name of the Christ? One would say that they all hear the In hoc signo vinces—courageous soldiers in quest of martyrdom and sanctity as of an eternal Legion of Honour!

The nearer the feelings approach pure dynamism, the closer the connection with ambition. after the amazing spectacle of Napoleonic ambition, psychology, flung back on to its origins, attempts to image these indefatigable and ever progressing developments. Balzac's novels supply a splendid collection of these unbridled passions. The avarice of Grandet, the lewdness of Hulot, the paternal affection of Goriot, the ambition of Vaurtin, the cupidity of Gobseck, and the chastity of Madame de la Chanterie, never seem capable of being assuaged or checked. It is a case of Napoleonic ambition, transposed into divers modes; a display that is selfsufficing and ends but in futility. These novels give one the idea of interminable sonatas without adagios, sonatas whose ever more rapid finales would shatter to pieces the instrument on which they were played.

So far, then, as one can believe anything concerning a development which reason can neither explain nor understand, sentimental dynamism resembles a river which rises as it flows along—a duration which swells as it advances—rather than a desire which reduces itself to mingled exasperation and futility, and begins over again. And the reason why the feelings are sometimes terrifying is owing to this ever growing insatiableness—which exacts more—ever more—and which will rot stop.

CHAPTER II

SENTIMENTAL INTUITION

Eh quoi! se disait le jeune homme, serions-nous deux dans le monde? (Maurice Barrès.)

THE EXISTENCE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE LOVE INTUITION

FEELINGS presuppose a certain perception of an object by a subject; were it not for this perception, we should find no difference between a system of internal sensations and a feeling. Supposing, as do many psychologists, that the babe cannot distinguish himself from the rest of the world, that he does not know where his body ends and where that of his nurse begins, he can experience nothing that truly resembles either love or friendship! It is good to refute intellectualistic explanations of the feelings, but it would be deplorable to disregard their experimental basis. When Leibnitz says that "love is a joy that results from contemplation of the perfections of the object beloved," when Spinoza makes Love say to Understanding: "I see, brother, that my being and my perfection depend wholly on thy perfection," they are establishing doubtful causalities. Still, it is a fact that love claims to "enter by the eyes," and that we could not love that of which we were altogether ignorant.

Love, as we observe it all around—before reflecting on it—presupposes knowledge.

This knowledge, however, possesses characteristics peculiar to itself. It is not the knowledge of the senses, for we can love abstract objects, such as God, fatherland, truth, justice. Nor is it deductive knowledge, for a series of judgments whereby we attribute predicates to a subject is not sufficient to rouse love. We do not love the "first cause" of the metaphysicians. We must have faith, and God "perceived in the heart," i.e., immediately manifest. Whether intellectual or material, love needs the sight of a present object, which we apprehend without an intermediary and which offers itself to us as existing.

This is more infrequent than one would imagine. As a rule, we are conscious of no existence other than our own. To us, the existence of another is but a reasoned deduction or an experimental induction, and the existence we attribute to others is anything but like that we are conscious of in ourselves. For instance, Ivan Ilitch, in Tolstoi's novel, was fully aware that all men are mortal; but the thought never entered his mind to extend the idea to himself, Ivan Ilitch, who was not "all men," and who,

as a child, experienced such definite sensations when sniffing at and licking his rubber ball. On the whole, we know as regards other men only their qualities. Now, no quality entails existence, a fact well known to Catholic psychology. Previous to Kant's criticism, this psychology destroyed the ontological argument, on which, strange to say, Christian apologetics is based. For if this argument were correct, and if qualities could reveal to us the existence of God, it would become difficult to affirm the necessity of faith and the possibility of children and simple-minded people knowing God as well as the wise and learned. Dogmas as true as the ontological argument is false. For all science rests only upon qualities the subject of which is hidden. The weakness of our understanding and the pragmatism of our intellect cloak from us all other reality than ourselves.

Nevertheless this stage of things comes to be momentarily interrupted. Instead of the vague existence we usually attribute to objects as a matter of convenience, we are sometimes enabled to perceive in them an existence similar to our own, and of which we are assured by the same right and almost in the same way as we are of our own.

It is easy to note, in the history of great thoughts and great loves, this sudden transition from opinion to belief.

Religious intuition.—In the religious domain this

is, strictly speaking, conversion, a word that is sometimes amphibological, since atheists signify thereby the fact of believing God or accepting a revealed religion, after having been one of them-whereas the Christian regards conversion as the transition from a hearsay belief to the certainty of faith, by means of grace. Previous to the 23rd of November, 1653, Pascal did not doubt that Christianity was true; he was a good Catholic. During that famous night, however, God ceased to be for him a story that is accepted, a theorem that is demonstrated, the God of philosophers and scholars—he had evidence of seeing the God that is, that manifests himself in the human heart, the God of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob. Saint Theresa, too, had never doubted the Trinity, qua dogma. In a vision, however, the Trinity was revealed to her. Instead of a truth that she accepted, the Trinity became for her a perceived reality—a fact. The revelations of mystics are nothing else than partial conversions. And conversion is nothing but a revelation dealing with the ensemble of God and of the religious life instead of with any definite aspect of God or of the religious As it happens, very famous conversions, such as those of Saint Paul and Saint Augustine, were accompanied by a radical upheaval of their beliefs. This, however, is not necessary for conversion; it by no means forms part of its essence. Saint Catherine de Gênes and Angélique Arnaud

were converted from Christianity to Christianity. Conversion is but the intuition of divine reality—a flash of light on the being of God.

The love intuition.—It is the same in sexual love. A woman is found to be beautiful, capable of bestowing happiness. All at once, she is no longer "a woman," she is "she." It is as though she were transfigured, as though we see in her an unsuspected reality. Mists fade away, and, in an intense light, this woman and our love for her appear before us in all the serenity of that which is per se, of that which is necessarily. This revelation is frequently called a "coup de foudre"—it is equivalent, in another world of ideas, to conversion, but we would prefer to call it the love intuition. Like conversion, it may succeed antipathy, indifference, even love itself. Outside observers will be the more amazed if it seems to spring from nothing and manifest itself in a flash. Ut vidi ut perii. And so poetry will prefer to depict it in this fashion. To inner observation, there is something even stranger in this transformation of a being already known and desired, and perhaps this happens more frequently. It makes no difference, however. No more than conversion does the love intuition require the abandonment of a certain system of ideas which is succeeded by another system. It may reveal what we thought we knew, as it may reveal what we knew nothing at all about. The main thing is this sudden and immediate revelation of another person, this "certitude" which speaks to the heart of the lover and the mystic alike.

Other sentimental intuitions.—All feelings are acquainted with analogous states. There is the "coup de foudre" of Renan before the Acropolis. that of Malebranche confronted with philosophy, a sudden revelation of fatherland to the patriot, of beauty to the artist, of truth to the seeker. There is a "coup de foudre" of friendship, a moment when the former comrade is so transfigured that you think you have never known him before. Montaigne experienced it immediately he saw La Boétie. It took Goethe longer to understand Schiller. These intuitions, however, make sport of the states that precede them. Whether these states have been along their own or along an opposite line, they seem to them wholly non-existent. Saint Catherine de Gênes considers herself no less converted than does Saint Paul; she was a Catholic and did not persecute Christians, but she was not conscious of and did not know God more than did Saint Paul when he stoned Stephen. And while it is right for a priest in this connection to make such mental reservations as common sense dictates, at all events it is thus, in our opinion, that both mystics and converted persons think.

THE CERTAINTY OF INTUITION

These conversions, these "coups de foudre," are manifested to others by their effects. They need no

practical effects, however, to show their evident certainty to those who experience them. It is their characteristic to carry with them a certainty which nothing can strengthen—to be certainties. The love that endures, the time that passes, accomplished deeds, add nothing to this intuition as such. Sentimental intuition may presuppose antecedents and bring about consequences, it may be advisable to study it under the heading of determinism. To consciousness, however, it offers itself neither as a result nor as a beginning. In the present it establishes the present, and nothing else. Then the soul sees spreading before us nothing but the sudden creation of a reality that was non-existent. Above pleasure and pain, the soul simply contemplates.

THE INEFFABLENESS OF INTUITION

As regards this intuition, which is to transform the one who possesses it and which a whole life would seem scarcely adequate to express, we are surprised to find, after it has passed, how little it adds to the understanding. It leaves us without a single fresh thought, without a new word. Pascal knows no more regarding God on the 24th of November than he did on the 22nd. He knew his catechism; he still knows his catechism. The revelations of Saint Theresa add nothing to her theology. Lovers and mystics alike can but stammer in our presence. At the very most, the contagion of their faith, their

lyrical rapture, and the mad coherency of their ulterior actions stagger without convincing us. Intuition can neither be thought nor communicated.

The fact is, it knows nothing else than being. Its dazzling certainty has its roots in reality, which the mind can neither perceive nor picture to itself. We can neither doubt reality, nor can we believe in reality—that indispensable aid to the relations set up by the human mind. Good sense rebels against such expressions as "il me semble" used by Marphurius and by idealistic philosophers. All the same, since idealism has been conceived and preached, understood and accepted by many, it must answer to a truth. In effect, our proud belief in the reality of the exterior world seems to be as fragile as it is ineradicable. No philosophers are needed to instil doubt in a young man as to whether this girl with whom he is playing tennis, that demi-mondaine with whom he is dining, are not approximating to a condition of nonentity, and whether he is not like God, forever isolated in a creation of his own. Poets will din in his ears the phantasmal melancholy of doubt and vague opinion; for these existences which his activity demands, and to which his senses testify, are too alien from his own existence.

This idealistic doubt of phenomenal reality is thus not a mere philosophical hypothesis learnt in class. It is continually weighing on the mind and the sensibility, as does the column of air on physical

bodies. When intuition frees us from it and gives us the certainty that this tree, this man, this God really exist, it frees us from something, though we cannot say from what. We can express ourselves only in words taken from the world of phenomena and created to designate phenomena. And as the necessities of action are incessantly extorting from us a pragmatical acquiescence in the reality of phenomena, it seems as though intuition has changed nothing whatsover—whereas it has changed things utterly, from a state of nonentity to one of being. Compelled to feign—to ourselves and to others a certainty we have not, we no longer hold at our disposal any means of making it perceptible, once we have it. Hence embarrassment on the part of intuition, which it is easy for criticism to profit by. It can call upon the intuition to supply it with justifications and proofs which its very nature prevents the intuition from being able to give it. Discussions of this kind are wholly barren. We cannot prove the difference between perceiving and being in a state of hallucination. Orgon is not convinced by his brother. Madame Pernelle is not convinced by her son. We cannot in æsthetics demonstrate why a character lives or does not live. The critic will indeed tell the dramatist that his character is "all of a piece" or, on the other hand, that he is "incoherent": but, after all, that means only lack of genius on the part of the dramatist, only an attempt on the

part of the critic to discover reasons where there are none. What character is more "all of a piece" than Harpagon? What character is more "incoherent" than Hamlet? In reality, if the author were to evade the mistakes pointed out to him, the character he is depicting would gain but little thereby. And a greater genius would have made lifelike and realistic the very contradictions for which he is blamed. Never shall we know, never shall we be able to say, whence we obtain the impression of truth when reading a book or watching a play. Nor will the lover ever be able to explain, or even understand, wherein his mistress differs from other women. These latter are but feeble and hypothetical supports of adjectives. For the mistress alone has sounded forth the indisputable and incomprehensible affirmation of reality and being.

INTUITION KNOWS ONLY BEING

And so intuition reveals being and halts before it. "Vous Etes! Vous Etes! Vous Etes!" exclaims Fénelon. It is not a matter of finding out if God is good, just, etc. Meister Eckhart, the theologian of the intuition, considers that the attribution to God of qualities—even justice and goodness—is equivalent to the affirmation that the sun is black. He would like us never to affirm anything of God, for, between this ontological plenum and any quality, he perceives a gulf which he thinks it almost sac-

rilegious to wish to fill up. God is not an object of thought; He is not object. He is quite other than an object, a doubtful and impersonal support of attributes on whose account the mind of man invents Him.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF THE LOVE INTUITION

In order that an intuition may be possible and that we may feel so intensely an existence which is not our own, and yet seems to us as true and complete as our own, we must relinquish the usual relations we set up between our existence and that of the nonself. We can apprehend the existence of objects per se only if we attain to sufficient disinterestedness not to connect them with ourselves. In like fashion, Bergsonian intuition can apprehend the ultimate duration of the self only if we first attain to sufficient aloofness to think no longer of objects and of the continual efforts we make in their direction. In both cases, it is indispensable that our natural pragmatism be checked. For it permits us to see only things when we think of ourselves, and only ourselves when we think of things-in ourselves only possibilities of action, and in things only possibilities of passion. The practical mind concerns itself neither with the nature of the self nor with that of objects, but only with the relations between the latter and the former.

Objects being to us what means are to an end, how could we attribute to them an importance equal to our own? Intuition presupposes an arrest of this geocentricism. The reality it reveals to us is not an object of hope or fear for our will, nor of thought for our mind. In the ordinary progress of our knowledge, we understand things through their relations to ourselves; but in intuitive contemplation we understand them independently of these relations, such as they would be if we were non-existent, such as they must be to a divine intelligence. Before the "coup de foudre," a woman is a thing spoken about, a certain portion of space, capable of causing us a little pleasure or a little pain. In the love intuition, a woman is a reality similar to our own; not an atom of our universe but the centre of a different and a finer one. Now, if we relate her to ourselves, she will cease to be a star and will become a satellite, and intuition will be impossible.

Intuition, then, presupposes forgetfulness of our own distinctive self, of our activity, and of our thought in so far as this latter is directed towards action.

INTUITION DOES NOT RESULT FROM A DESIRE

And so it is quite erroneous to think that sentimental intuition can ever result from a desire that becomes exasperated. The love intuition is incompatible with the sexual appetite. The moment it

comes about, the lover does not imagine it possible for him to be loved by his mistress. He can only look at her, dazed at finding her so perfectly independent. To the extent that love is intuitive—is contemplation—it is quite wrong to affirm, as does Stendhal, that one cannot love a queen unless she is the first to make advances. Woman is here represented precisely as a queen, a self-sufficing person who has no need of us. The first contemplationwhich reveals the existence and perfection of another being-hopes and desires nothing. Pascal has spoken of this mingled veneration and humility. And, in the psychology of Plato, veneration is indeed the first step taken by love. "Does he but perceive in a face a happy imitation of ideal beauty, immediately a thrill passes through his frame. . . . Then, with eyes fixed on the beautiful object, he reveres it as though it were a god, and, but for the fear of being regarded as frenzied, he would make offerings to it as to a god."

Between ourselves and the object contemplated, intuition builds up, like a transparent and impassable wall, the glory that girts it about.

It is the same with the love of God. Zeal never snatches hold of the vision that reveals God to the heart. Grace must confer it. Faith is not a product of charity. In this connection, immediate and primitive experiences have doubtless been obscured by theologies and philosophies based on Plato's con-

ception of the identity of knowledge and love. In Homer, in the Old Testament, the gode do not appear to those who wish most to see them. They appear as they please, to whom they please, in arbitrary fashion. On the road to Damascus, Saul is not conscious of charity at all. He is on his way to persecute the Christians. A flash of light dazzles him; Jesus appears before him and speaks. At that moment, he is not aware that "God is in him." He contemplates God as above him . . . in the clouds. He did not desire this vision, did not believe it possible. Had he expected it, it would not have had this unexpected and all-compelling character, this undoubted reality.

Neither desire nor an ardent will can give us intuitive knowledge of an object, for they always bring us back to our own distinctive self, they do not leave behind in us that state of abstraction which makes intuition possible. It would be easy to find, in the world of letters, whole pages to illustrate this law which regards intuition as a Tantalus stream flowing away from those who are most eager to reach it. This frenzied quest of a God who hides away has been expressed by Madame de Noailles in the following line: "Si vous parliez, mon Dieu, je vous entendrais bien!"

Like many others, she ends by doubting the reality of a state she cannot succeed in attaining, in spite of her great desire to do so. She forgets that to question is not to listen, and that her continual questionings prevent the possibility of an answer. "Be silent," says Fénelon, "and God will speak to you. How can you expect Him to make Himself heard when you make so much noise with all your interested reflections?" The way to hear Him is not to concentrate the attention but rather to hold it in suspense; it is not a matter of desiring God more than others but of no longer desiring anything for ourselves. The tense romantic individuals who wish so passionately and painfully that "something may be revealed to them" are on that very account condemned to failure; all they do is to make ever more formidable the obstacle against which they dash themselves, intensifying the power of selfishness which keeps them away from the place to which they wish to go.

The mere fact of expecting intuition is an impediment to it, because expectation is always interested. We are frequently disillusioned by works of art, by artistic manifestations. "What could be more futile," writes Gabriel Marcel, "than to go from museum to museum, from church to church, in quest of a rare emotion? I am convinced that the man who seeks such an emotion will never find it." Indeed, we need but say to ourselves, "I am going to see a masterpiece" for such a mental fermentation to take place that, instead of simply perceiving, the mind compares what it perceives with what it

had imagined, and the divergence between the two throws it quite out of its bearings. A monument suddenly outlined in a spot where we did not think it was—music, which we did not think we were to hear, suddenly sounding forth—will be far more likely to call artistic intuition into being. If this is not the case, several visits and auditions will be needed, the first having been made of no effect by our impatience. All intuition is suspect which completely corresponds to the idea we formed of it before experiencing it. Mind and reality are too incommensurable for the latter to be fitted into the frames prepared for it by the former.

INTUITION AND RENUNCIATION

True intuition never answers to expectation because it is incompatible therewith and naturally springs from the "trous de pensée" from the inner silence. For instance, the technique of Christian and Hindu mysteries attempts to produce a relaxation of the will, of the attention, and therefore of the consciousness—a total oblivion of self, and of the universe so far as this is related to the self.

It seeks to bring about a state of utter abstraction. And possibly, in many cases, asceticism has no other end.

Probably the scientific and artistic disciplines also aim at a sort of renunciation and respect, of humility on the part of the self before the not-self. Whatever philosophical difficulties may result, Schopenhauer seems to have enunciated an undoubted psychological truth when he contrasted the world of ideas with that of the will. The artist, the philosopher, and perhaps the scientist must possess a certain pity which will abolish their selfish willing and enable them to see things without relating them to their own happiness. Bergson calls "distraction" what Schopenhauer called pity. The artist he depicts to us, however—like Schopenhauer's artist is an ascetic, for the time being, at all events: he renounces the advantages which perception may bring him. He perceives, in order to perceive. He perceives what we call appearance and what is reality, the tree qua tree, not qua shelter for man. If in one sense it is true that all perception presupposes a will is a will, it is true in another sense that all perception is renunciation and presupposes that the self abdicates its apparent sovereignty, that it makes no attempt to dominate or use things, but confines itself to contemplating them. This is why radical pragmatism clashes with our experiences, not with our prejudices. We are aware that, in order to find a truth, we must believe truth to be external to ourselves-that, in order to perceive beauty, we must forget our personal interests—that, in order to find God, we must believe in an absolute God Who is neither a steward nor an insurance agent. We suspect that a truly pragmatist humanity would be acquainted only with algebraical relations, and would never have the intuition of a being. It is futile for the pragmatists to tell us that we do not understand the meaning they attach to the word interest; it is this very word we do not wish to hear because we know that renunciation and self-forgetfulness alone have made possible the few paltry revelations we had of things.

PHYSIOLOGICAL CONDITIONS OF INTUITION

These psychological conditions of intuition: disinterestedness, abstraction, indifference, unconsciousness, are more easily realized in certain physiological conditions, which indeed usually accompany them. Our body is incessantly bringing us back to consciousness and will through the excitations it receives and the reactions between which it must choose. Intuition, then, presupposes a certain torpor of this sensibility and this motricity—a silence of the body which makes possible that of the soul. It is therefore natural that periodical diminutions of sensibility and motricity should make intuitions more easy and more frequent. As intuition is an abnormal state for us—since our normal state is to perceive the relations between things and ourselves, in the interests of our life, and not to perceive the reality of things nor that of the self-it is natural that it should be promoted by pathological disturbances and should be concomitant with them.

This concomitance of intuitive states and of certain nervous disturbances could not be converted into strict causality in the present state of science. This can perhaps take place only if we reflect, once for all and from metaphysical conviction, that every psychological phenomenon is determined by a physiological phenomenon. Certainly, at the present time, nervous pathology is far too indefinite for it to be possible to refuse to see the extreme disproportion between what appears to be the cause and what we see to be the effect. We are aware that certain great intuitive minds belonged to epileptics; but, as a rule, epilepsy is not accompanied by these intuitions -which are sometimes the visions of genius itself. While we ascertain and imagine mystical, æsthetic or erotic utilizations of certain nervous disturbances, we ascertain and imagine utilizations that are very different from these disturbances. In the case of Musset, alcoholism is favourable to poetic inspiration, whereas in others it strengthens the tendency to crime or even brings about a state of besotted stupefaction. Thus we should have to vary the syndromes almost ad infinitum: a thing that seems but little in conformity with the requirements and the interests of science. In all probability, psychology alone could explain these choices, but even that, truth to tell, is anything but certain.

And so, in our opinion, there is no great hope that neurology will ever satisfactorily explain the whole

of intuition; perhaps it would be wrong to make such a claim. But we may—and must—hope that it will throw considerable light on certain of the conditions favourable to it, perhaps necessary. It seems beyond doubt that the illnesses of Saint Theresa were extremely favourable to her mysticism. The catalepsies which deprive the body of the sense of existence appear a material equivalent of the religious intuitions described by Saint Theresa. And the nervous disorders which call forth illusions, such as sensations generally related to the self, which find themselves, as it were, projected out of the self, evidently make it easier to attribute as much reality to an external object as to one's own self. There must therefore be, as no doubt there are, one or more "constitutions" which serve as soil for the intuition. Neurology and psychiatry, however, have made so little progress that we think it wise, for the present, to confine ourselves to this vague concordance, which indeed most mystics have suspected and which Dostoevsky has depicted in The Idiot. Succeeding neurologists have advanced little beyond this book, even as regards precise clinical records.

INTUITION AND ILLUSION

It would appear that psychology and physiology can find for intuitive states only negative conditions, which after all may be reduced to an arrest of psychological dynamism and to a physiological anæsthesia, at least partial. In order to have some chance of reducing sentimental intuition to a psycho-physiological determinism, its object must be of less importance to it than its subject: a thing improbable, since it presents itself as a simple passion of the subject and a simple action of the object.

Thus an examination of these conditions gives us but little information here. It may, however, enable us to distinguish true intuition from analogous suggestive states to which the subject attributes a value

and a nature they do not possess.

As a matter of fact, desire regards as intuition a suggestion to which it has given birth. Just as a monk, passionately desirous of receiving stigmata after the fashion of Saint Francis, sometimes ends in being "stigmatized," so a person passionately desirous of an intuitive revelation sometimes sincerely imagines he has had one. A considerable portion of religious literature has for its object to discriminate true intuitions from false ones. Saint François de Sales, in particular, was greatly concerned about these mimetisms. He relates the story of two sisters belonging to the Order of the Visitation of our Lady, who, after reading the lives of Saint Theresa and Saint Catherine, became so strongly imbued with their influence that, from a distance, they might have been taken for "des petites mères Thérèse ou des petites mères Catherine." The mimetism that caused the illusion is evident enough. Desire produces a likeness of a sort, and "l'emotion fait preuve."

Psychologists, the reality of whose intuition proves embarrassing to systems, generally rely on these observations to contest its existence or its nature. On this view, intuition, instead of being a revelation, is an illusion, somewhat like hallucination. Instead of being an effacing of the self before the not-self, it is an exasperation of the self, which, seeing no longer anything but itself, projects before itself all those images it either wishes or dreads, and believes them to be true. Intuition would then have to be explained by the dynamism of love, like hope. Instead of being thwarted, it is called forth, made necessary by expectation.

Undoubtedly states thus pictured do exist, and intuition is often mimicked by the self. But these facts are no authority for neglecting and denying the contrary facts. Indeed, most psychological and physiological states are susceptible of being mimicked: which does not prevent the possibility of their being produced otherwise than by mimetism. It is less important to convince those who suspect this that sentimental intuition exists and is legitimate a priori, than to discriminate between genuine and pithiatic intuition. Now, if we succeed in noting the difference between these two states, it will be by examining the conditions in which they come about, not by analyzing their content: the contents

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may be similar if the imitation is a successful one. The conditions in which these states will take place will differ radically.

The conformity between the mental state we imagine we experience and the idea we previously formed of it is the first indication that will arouse criticism. Then it will be seen to be impossible to call forth absurd intuitions, by causing them to be expected by the subject. An attempt will be made to find the actor at fault. It is difficult to prove that a female snob has not even heard the very music which, she claims, carries her away in transports of rapture. But, if she makes a mistake in reading the programme or does not know that the programme has been changed, she will feel transported by the religious serenity of Bach, when all the time she has been listening to the music of Berlioz. And, in the same way, the psychiatrist, in order to unmask the pretence of neurotic indisposition, will try to induce the patient to manifest some symptom that is incompatible with the disease from which he imagines himself to be suffering. He will deceive the patient over the clinical prognostic. The doctor will thus perceive that these disturbances may be, as M. Babinski says, "provoked by suggestion and cured by persuasion." Thanks to the labours of the neurologists, and chiefly of M. Babinski, we can thus distinguish between a pithiatic state and a genuine state. Neurology may advance still fur-

ther along these lines and enable us to tell whether the state will be genuine or pithiatic. It would suffice if the pupils of Babinski and Dupré precisely determined the "constitution pithiatique." Psychiatry would thus render great service to leaders of religion and to all observers of mental conditions. Up to the present, however, it must be confessed that the neurologist is rather inclined to base his opinion on psychology than the psychologist to base his on pathology. True intuition is distinguished from false intuition by being unexpected, involuntary and passive, by its feeble emotive power at the time it takes place. On the advice of mystics themselves, religious leaders are sceptical before any revelation that the subject desires. In this connection they alter the well-known line and say:

"You have found nothing because you sought."
But true intuition is even more clearly known
by the results it produces.

INTUITION AND CLAIRVOYANCE

Sentimental intuition, indeed, gives renewed life to the man who experiences it. Having noted with evident certainty the reality of any object other than himself, he possesses another standard than his own personality for measuring things. Intuition enables him to organize things with reference to an object instead of with reference to his own self. In the Christian doctrine, the sense of divine reality conditions that of the reality of other men. The word "charity" denotes both love of God and love of our neighbour, because really it is only in God that we can love our neighbour. Since God is, and all is in a certain relation to Him, all may be known in Him and loved because of Him. Thus knowledge and love proceed to God and return back from God. The systems of Descartes and Malebranche develop this theory of knowledge, and the "Cantique des créatures" well illustrates this sentimental state.

Perhaps it is by these recurrent intuitions that we must explain the psychological miracles that abound in the Holy Scriptures and in sacred writings generally. In practical life, this particular clairvoyance is a counterweight to the dangerous abstraction of the mystics; it differs considerably from the sureness of glance which, in contradistinction to it, is possessed by interested observers from prolonged and patient habit. The ambitious man, like the mystic, is a profound psychologist; though he understands men only along the lines of determinism. He takes for granted that they will always be led by the particular passions he has seen in them individually and by ordinary human interests. This psychology is continually being justified, and we are amazed at the extent to which Tolstoi and Dostoevsky despise it. Still, it cannot be doubted but that the freedom of the individual upsets calculations made along these lines. Tolstoi attributes to

the inadequacy of this mechanistic psychology the failure of Napoleon in Russia. Pjotr Stepanovitch, states one of Dostoevsky's characters, "has a convenient theory of life. If he finds that a man is stupid on a Monday, he thinks he will always be stupid, forgetting that on Wednesday the same man may be more intelligent than Pjotr Stepanovitch himself." It is just this unforeseeable element that the saint divines. He understands, often very imperfectly, what appears easy for us to understand, and on the other hand he foresees what seems to us impossible to foresee. This is what Prince Muichkiane does in The Idiot. In the Gospels, Jesus looks steadfastly at a poor fisherman, and, with the words, "Come, follow me," builds upon him His Church.

Thus we cannot attribute the discernment of souls by the mystic to the will for proselytism or to spiritual ambition without misjudging everything we know thereof. Mystics do not see because they wish to see and because they patiently follow a method of investigation, but because they wish for nothing, are no longer offended by egoism, and refer to God alone the truths which, as they think, God reveals to them. Here, the affirmations of metapsychists coincide with the Christian doctrine. It is a commonplace with them that there is no clairvoyance where there is personal interest. The astrologer, unless he be a charlatan, always

falls into a pit. And the technical practices recommended by occultists to an apprentice seer are, after all, processes of asceticism. In admitting the reality of phenomena, some of which, like those of telepathy, seem probable, they would have to be explained in the same way as the psychological miracles related in the Bible.

Lovers sometimes possess this clairvoyance. There is about love a lucidity as amazing as its blindness. Lovers see things which, through lack of zeal, we others do not see. A lover's eyes are then like those of a master, and, when he points out what he has seen, we see it also. But it also happens that he perceives totally different realities which he cannot succeed in communicating to others, and which remain full of mystery to them, no matter what efforts he makes to open their eyes. It would seem as though the lover then divines neither deeds done nor desires nor representations, but rather the "durée" of the beloved, the interior rhythm, not the "tout fait," but the "ce qui se fait" at that moment of pathetic liberty when the self both expresses and withdraws into itself. Beneath the person determined by his past and by the chance of circumstance, beneath the self expressed once for all and whose chart the analyst endeavours to prepare, the lover discerns the possible self. He possesses a divining wand whose movements reveal to him, at unknown depths, springs which, it may be, will never gush forth into the light and for which the ordinary observer has no fathom-line. Consequently, he will make several mistakes, because free deeds are few and far between. Sometimes, however, he will prove to be right in a way that seems really inexplicable. Doubtless he has seen what the person—minus the distortions imposed by the determinism of circumstances—would be in a world where life kept its promises and brought its potentialities into being. Just as God, in Goethe's drama, sees in Faust His faithful and redeemed servant, in spite of the mistakes he is about to make, so the lover, beneath the mechanical puppet dancing the tango, sees the possible heroine, some day, perhaps, to be revealed.

These divinations, instances of which could be given by anyone, are by no means related to the love passion. They become obscured by desire. It is during the rare moments when he wants nothing for himself that the lover possesses a kind of consciousness of his mistress. When these moments are past, the attention, though effecting many discoveries, frequently proves deceptive.

As intuition renews the vision we have of persons, so it renews that we had of things. It changes perspectives and thus reveals hidden aspects. The object whose existence has been felt becomes a supplementary category in which the universe is being organized. Love lyrics have at all times expressed

this. "For thee the seas, for thee the skies..." After Shakespeare, Heine more particularly has made wonderfully clear this inclination of nature towards his mistresses, each of whom is an epitome thereof. It is the same with the mystic after his conversion, the same with the poet.

CONTEMPLATIVE LOVES

The moment in which their object is revealed to them with inexpressible reality is of supreme importance to the feelings. Many loves have existed scarcely longer than this fleeting gleam. They attempt to give fixed form to the intuition they have had, for the purpose of contemplating it afresh. The intuition that comes about at the origin of love also constitutes its goal. Love then grows, without any hope at all, without any other will than to see again as often as possible the object or the image after which it longs. Hence spiritual exercises, sentimental meditations in which mystics and lovers have been experts, from Saint Ignatius to Jean de Tinan. Every means must be employed for recovering the intuition which has disappeared, which, moreover, flees when pursued. In sexual love, it is probable that the lover's imperious need to be with his fair one is often but a vain effort to rekindle intuition. The lover is sometimes quite sincere when he asserts that it would satisfy him just to see "her" again.

A complete transformation of the interior life comes about, all its values being reversed. The one in love is ever on the look-out for occasions of recalling to mind the object of his love. A combined symbolism and love intuition will connect together places, persons, pictures, musical or literary phrases. A set of morals will codify the discoveries of observation on what alienates or brings nearer this precious memory. The one in love will regard as good whatever recalls this intuition and as evil whatever blurs or defaces it. The memory of the intuition governs the entire personality. The other elements of the self must bow before it, make themselves worthy of it. Thus there comes about a certain system which may be very strong and lasting. We can well imagine that the Christians of Egypt sought even in the sepulchres for assurance and succour against distractions which turn one aside from the true faith.

If it remains contemplative, we call sexual love platonic love, though Plato did not conceive of love in this fashion. It would be far better to call it knightly love. Courteous love, indeed, asks nothing of the beloved but the joy of contemplating and of serving her. To combat on her behalf, compel other knights to acknowledge her pre-eminence, honour her by warlike deeds of arms which redound to her glory: this is what should suffice the perfect knight. Nor should he claim any payment. The

fair one may "graciously" reward him, but all hope of this would be an insult which would render unworthy of seeing it fulfilled anyone who dared to express it. From her lofty window the lady looks down upon the knight about to die for her and claiming no other recompense than a glance of her as he expires. By his combats, by his very life, he but externalizes the hierarchy of his mental states. For this coherent civilization, humility is the first virtue both of profane and of sacred love. It is easy to discover this code of courteous love in Chrestien de Troyes and in the first part of the Roman de la Rose. The supreme type of this love, however, is found in the poetry of Dante. Long previous to the vision of Paradise in which he gazes upon Beatrice, whose eyes are fixed above, in the Vita Nuova, Dante proclaims a love which is devoid of hope, which has no thought of obtaining favours in return. His beatitude reposes "in that which cannot fail him: words that utter praise of his lady." Neither the marriage of Beatrice to another, nor her death, lessens his love for her. No external event could deprive the poet of the joy he experiences in contemplating her. He has beheld the star towards which he must steer his course. Everything is in order or should be put in order. It is enough that Beatrice exists, enough that she has been in life.

This love also is that of Saint Francis of Assisi

for his lady Poverty, and for his Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps no one ever felt more completely the necessity of wanting nothing for self, in order that he might comprehend and love all things. No one ever more fully possessed that reward of those who renounce: the intuition that fills the universe with divine music. No one ever made a more loyal or courageous effort to conform the whole of his life to his intuition in order not to sully it, in order to make possible its return.

Loves of this kind, interminable chromatic ascents and descents around brief melodies, are not so exceptional, even nowadays, that it should be necessarv to call in question their past existence. It would be easy to find, in Stendhal's works, loves resembling those of the Vita Nuova. Besides, is not maternal love capable of that utter disinterestedness which finds its satisfaction in the glory, however distant in time, of the beloved child? The contemplative orders are ever lending their retreats to such as find happiness in meditating on God alone. There still are — there will always be loves that ask for nothing, that are content with intuitions which are not always renewed, and which vet feel that they have chosen the better part, finding their object so beautiful that they desire nothing more, either for it or for themselves.

It is enough to reflect on these loves, still and tranquil as a fresco of Fra Angelico, and compare

them with the unbridled passions depicted by Balzac, to prevent ourselves attempting to reduce these intuitions to sentimental dynamism. No philosophic jugglery will make us admit that the will is self-contradictory and self-effacing of its own accord. Sentimental intuition is explained neither by will nor by desire, which do not obtain it when they seek it, and on which it imposes itself without their expecting it. Capable of doing what is essential, it manifests in experience that which analysis is compelled to grant it: a sovereign independence towards the other elements and forms of love.

Those philosophers who define love as a special kind of knowledge, and see in it "only a joy experienced in contemplating the perfections of the beloved object," may also appeal to experience, seeing that there exist loves which are nothing but an intuition suddenly discovered, around and with reference to which all the rest becomes organized. Thus, in a Bacchic procession, the mænads with streaming hair, the strange intoxicating satyrs, the tall bearded priests, Silenus on his ass, the hubbub of divers emotions: all these exist only on behalf of the inscrutable god in whose service they are united.

CHAPTER III

SENTIMENTAL FUSION

Mentis Amor intellectualis erga Deum est ipse, Amor Dei quo Deus se ipsum amat non quatenus infinitus est, sed quatenus per essentiam humanæ mentis sub specie æternitatis consideratam explicari potest: hoc est Mentis erga Deum Amor intellectualis pars est infiniti amoris quo Deus se ipse amat. (Eth., V. 36.)

AND so love appears before us, on the one hand as a dynamism, an aimless will which, in order to justify and be aware of itself, creates apparent objects and ends which it oversteps when it reaches them, modifying them as it pleases; and, on the other hand, as pure knowing independent of all willing. Intuition has no goal. It concerns itself neither with the past nor with the future, but subsists in an absolute present beyond which it conceives nothing. Dynamism always has a goal, but it does not approach it, for it projects it in front of itself, as a runner does his shadow.

THE FINALITY OF LOVE

All the same, it would appear that love in turn draws nearer and recedes from an end it sets before itself. Its accompanying joys and pains clearly indicate its victories and failures. We are unable to rob it of its obvious consciousness of a result either missed or obtained. It can be explained neither by intuition which, as soon as it is present, possesses all it can possess—nor by dynamism which never possesses anything but itself and cannot become permanent in any of the states through which it passes. How then does love interpret this abortion it dreads and this fulfilment it hopes? Shall we not find its true nature just where it imagines it enjoys all the felicity of which it is capable, and where it seems to be dazzled by the foreknowledge of its destination?

At those moments when love thinks it has attained to that which it has been searching for so long, the dynamism that impels it must be coming to a halt since this dynamism forbids it to be content with anything whatsoever. We have to find a state resembling intuition in its fullness, in its proud oblivion of the future. But it must differ therefrom if the will is to be satisfied. It is not ourselves that intuition realizes, but an object in us. Intuition is a fact that is revealed; it is neither a wish that is granted nor an effort crowned with success. Love needs a contemplation that possesses and a zeal that

contemplates—a state participating alike in the self and the not-self. Dynamism can never satisfy us. Intuition seems to be a temporary annihilation of our personality in presence of a reality other than itself, a sort of leap above the element into which our life flows. There appears to be needed a synthesis of the object in all its glory and of desire in all its strength.

And so is it not the object of love to unite? To make several into one? Is not that what it hopes to realize? And, consequently, is it not along these lines that we should attempt to define it?

Neither dynamism nor intuition can unite object and subject. Dynamism is ourselves: intuition is the object itself. It is inconceivable that will should know, or that knowledge should possess. On the road to Damascus, Paul does not enter into possession of God. Later on, he is to feel God living within him. Then, he sees Him above, outside of himself. When the prophet feels the spirit of God, which, after the wind and the tempest, gently enters his breast, he covers his head; he is no more in possession of God than was Moses on Sinai. God remains distinct alike from Elijah and from Saint Paul.

It is not true that he who contemplates thereby becomes one with the object contemplated. Intuition imposes silence on the self: it does not understand it in the least. It does not do away with the difference between subject and object-it makes the subject of no account. The water that reflects an image does not "become" this image: it only ceases to manifest its own motion. It is impossible to allow that intuition in any way presupposes the identity of the subject known with the object known. It is quite true that intuition perceives in the object an existence similar to that of the subject. But this means that we believe in the existence of the object -as at other moments we believe in our own existence—and not at all that intuition identifies these two existences. And so it is better to speak of "distraction" with Bergson than of "pitié" with Schopenhauer. When confessing the divinity of Jesus Christ, or seeing Him transfigured on Mount Tabor, Saint Peter by no means "pities" Jesus Christ. He is quite unable to deduce from these experiences that Jesus Christ and himself are more like each other than they were before; on the contrary he ought to deduce from these intuitions a more essential difference than he had suspected between Jesus and himself. It would also be absurd to say that Dante "pities" Beatrice. When she appears before him and shows him Heaven, he in no wise thinks that Beatrice and himself form but one being.

The state at which love aims, and where the self and the not-self, participating in one another, seem to form one and the same thing, is thus no more an intuition than a will: it rather presupposes something other than both will and intuition.

SENTIMENTAL FUSION. ÆSTHETIC EMOTION

Certain æsthetic emotions may give us some idea of a state of this kind. Indeed, in æsthetic emotions, we find an abridged picture of the elements which love develops, without adding greatly thereto. When listening to a fine piece of music we find it difficult at first to follow the musical development. We listen; but at the same time we are aware that the weather is hot, that Mrs. X occupies a box on the left, etc. Then these impressions fade away; we do nothing else than listen to the music. The architecture of sound asserts itself on the ear, as a monument does on the eye. We reflect upon the music and say: How fine it is! We desire nothing else in the joy of undiluted perception.

We follow the rhythms and sounds; we even anticipate the way the phrase will go; we wait for each note, each chord that is to be repeated. Rhythms and sounds crowd before us; within us are sensations, judgments, memories. Our emotional faculties are freed from the shackles in which daily life binds them. And we control all: both the music and our own passions.

In music, the rhythm cloaks the sounds; it seems to obtrude upon them, it renders them necessary and carries us along also. Soon we no longer hear the sounds except through a mist which finally drowns the very rhythms. First there remains nothing but vague ideas, then some indescribable secret

reality: the very essence of the work, the personality of the composer, the love of Schumann, the heroism of Beethoven. These beat within our own hearts; no longer are they distinct from ourselves. The external and the internal orchestras are in harmony. No longer do we say how beautiful it is. No longer do we notice the music, or criticize the processes whereby it enters the soul, now wrapt in stillness. It might be said that silence gradually steals over the very music. Can we still hear it? Everything is blended in one: the symphony, the composer, our own selves. All that is left is a kind of condensed enthusiasm which seems to produce Beethoven, ourselves, and the music at the same time. What were all these distinctions?

SEXUAL LOVE

In human love also there is pure contemplation of the woman who is loved—the effacement of the lover before the reality of his mistress that is revealed to him—the unfelt joy of her being, her life and her beauty. It seems as though everything about her were transparent and made manifest. Her past seems wholly included in the present where we now see it; it might be said that an effort of memory would bring back her own recollections into our consciousness. Then come tumultuous wild desires following one another in growing volume—a painful and unquenchable thirst that nothing appeases or can appease.

But it also happens that diversity of the persons disappears, blends into a unity which includes both. Then love wears no longer its shrivelled expression, its look of gasping poverty: "I worshipped thee," said Saint-Preux, "and desired nothing more... What pure and continuous, what world-embracing voluptuousness!" Thus, in Mozart's opera, we have the voices of Don Juan and Zerline finally blend together, after the pathetic discussion of their desires. The lovers then no longer want anything. No longer do they know either themselves or the other. And the forgotten distinctions—which will be resumed in a moment—seem to have been nothing but a kind of interplay, an error of the mind.

The orgasm.—But it is difficult enough to give fixed form to these states, because they are generally mistaken for the expression which the sexes give of them. The convenient symbol at the disposal of sexual love makes it extremely sensitive to the imagination. It seems as though bodies endeavour to realize this temporary union of two lives, thus revealing the real finality of love-whatever, after all, may be their awkwardness and indexterity. This is why sexual love is the feeling with reference to which we judge and describe others, that which imposes on others its own vocabulary. For that very reason, however, it becomes blurred and confuses analysis which can no longer clearly distinguish what is symbol from what is symbolized. It is alike dangerous to reduce love to sexuality and

to affirm that it has nothing to do therewith. We cannot seek its goal elsewhere than in the few seconds of voluptuousness—and even then it shows itself doubtful, imperfect and fleeting, impeded by so many causes and circumstances that it frequently endeavours to work out its own ideal through other states which happen more completely to satisfy the idea it forms of itself. Perhaps, too, it is less difficult to picture to oneself this fusion of the self and the not-self, by considering religious feeling than by considering sexual love.

ECSTASY

Religious feeling also is acquainted with a state of particular vividness wherein it seems to have attained to the end it set before itself, and which, were it lasting, would accomplish what it looks upon as its destiny: and that is ecstasy.*

We may indulge in endless discussions regarding the nature of ecstasy, for we are accustomed to include in this term a multitude of states of prayer which differ largely from one another. The essence of ecstasy, however, may be affirmed to be the interpenetration of God and the soul. The soul is then in God, and God in it. The charity of the soul and the grace of God are henceforth but one and the same thing. The soul participates in and comprehends God.

^{*}I use this term, because it is better known. It is quite clear that I am here dealing with the particular state which Saint Theresa calls "union."

Ecstasy is quite distinct from any act of will. Theologians who discuss whether the will is—or can be-exercised therein evidently aim at safeguarding moral dogmas, and, for the time being, cease to be psychologists. The ecstatic mystic wants nothing: he has no longer anything to want. His soul no longer performs "actions." It is unaware of its own powers. Wholly absorbed in this present absolute, how could hopes and desires be possible for it? The first degree of ecstasy is "quietude," a "binding down," the soul's incapacity either to will or to think. The more complete the ecstasy, the more it paralyzes sentimental dynamism; it also happens that the body responds to this arrest of the soul by falling into a trance. Charitable transports, outbursts of zeal, may be regarded as greater merits as regards the subject, and as greater graces as regards his salvation. It seems perfectly clear, however, that ecstasy has nothing to do with states of this kind, and that, in one sense, it is the very opposite of such states.

It is as far removed from knowledge, though intuitive, as from will, though unconscious.—Knowledge, like will, presupposes the very distinctions to which ecstasy puts an end. "As you are aware," says Saint Theresa, "God stupefies and dulls the soul, the better to stamp on it His sovereign wisdom. It neither sees nor understands whilst remaining united with God. This time, however, is always

short." In another place, she says: "As understanding, memory and will remain actionless and lost, so to speak, it would be impossible, in my opinion, either to see or to hear, and during this time, which is very brief, God so completely makes Himself master of the soul that He leaves it, if I am not mistaken, no freedom of action whatsoever."

Consequently, mystics are careful to distinguish this union from the visions and revelations whereby God manifests Himself, as well as from the fervent raptures of those who seek Him. In ecstasy, God remains hidden. The soul is not even aware of the power He has over it. "But then," you will ask, "how does the soul understand that it has been in God and God in it, if, during this union, it is incapable of understanding and of seeing?" I answer that it does not see Him clearly then, but does so afterwards, not in a vision, but with a certainty which it retains and which God alone can give it. When intuition is accompanied and defined by a certainty, ecstasy comes about in unconsciousness. The intuitive state presupposes, if I may say it, that the consciousness, instead of being that of the subject, is that of the object. The unitive state presupposes the abolition of all consciousness, of object and subject alike. Ecstasy knows neither the soul nor God. It transports the soul into God and causes God to spring up within the soul. It is one and the same thing with truth.

In ecstasy as thus defined we reach the topmost heights of mysticism. Theology, morality, even experience make reservations which it is not our purpose to mitigate. After describing union, Saint Theresa speaks of "spiritual flights, spiritual betrothals and marriage." And Saint John of the Cross carries dialectic still farther. But we must ask ourselves if the sixth and seventh Ahodes of the Castle of the Soul, the final parts of the Living Flame of Love and the last Rocks of Suso . . . etc., describe new forms of ecstasy which would be regarded as more complete, or new attitudes of the mind towards and between these ecstasies. Mystic union, indeed, is always brief. Saint Theresa herself does not think that it ever lasts longer than half an hour. Manifestly, these few minutes are inadequate to enable the mystic to characterize an entire period of his life. With these reservations—and we shall be led to show why theologians and mystics make others it seems as though religious feeling were never nearer complete success than in these states of ecstasy where the distinction is done away with between God and the soul, in that divine union which causes two things that were previously distinct and separate to be but one. Is not this the goal of all mysticism, and even of all religion? Better than any other state, transforming union gives an idea of what this fusion might be if once for all it resulted in eternal bliss. The experiences of the mysticisms of India and Alexandria ought to throw

light on those of orthodox mysticisms. If the Church is to maintain its own distinctive teaching, even to the highest limits of holiness, then the various manifestations of religious feeling, as indeed those of any feeling, must retain something identical. And so, without claiming to evade difficulties and divergences that we shall exhibit more clearly, it seems possible for us to halt at this stage where all the rays seem to converge, and, with Swedenborg, to define love as a conjunction. It is a kind of synthetic power of reality.

Its object is to remove that which divides, to set up a "communion" (and communion seems to be a symbol of the transforming union authorized by divine pity). "Ye shall be one flesh," says love to the married pair. Marriage has to bring about the synthesis of the sexes; fatherland, that of the citizens; religion, that of men with God and with other men. Even the love of truth and beauty seems impossible for us to understand thoroughly if we refuse to recognize this attempt on the part of feeling to bind men together. For, apart from all judgment of taste which affirms or denies beauty —the harmony between sensibility and understanding-apart from the pleasure procured by the sight of beauty and the tendency which impels men to dominate their passions by expressing them, we find in the love of the beautiful a vague perception of everything communicated to a work of art by the

artist with whom it enables us to communicate by means of that mysterious suggestion of which Bergson and Souriau speak, by the previous lovers and interpreters of this work through that magnetic chain of which Plato speaks. In a theatre or concert hall, we find that the æsthetic impression is intensified in each individual by that of the others. The same phenomenon that takes place in space also takes place in time: for we could not listen to the Marseillaise or look at the Parthenon without considering how inspiring these works have been to others before us. Masterpieces become greater through the love we bestow upon them. They become means of communion. For all together to become at one with beauty: this it is to which æsthetic feeling impels us. To hold communion with Beethoven and with all who love and have loved Beethoven, to feel the identity of ourselves and of them with Beethoven, in spite of disguises and accidents: this it is that we seek more or less vaguely at a concert: this it is that Art suggests to us.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH

And doubtless there is something similar in the love of Truth, of science and philosophy. That which makes truth a possible object of love—though this seldom happens—is that we imagine it as universally valid and capable of uniting, in presence of one and the same evidence, the whole diver-

sity of human intellects. Truth is lovely because it is true not only for ourselves but also for others, even for God. Unless he believes in God and is mystical, a lonely man could not feel as we do the love of the true and the beautiful, because the object of this love is less truth and beauty as such than the harmony of minds and hearts through truth and beauty.

Thus we are still dealing with a communion, a synthesis; we have to regain a lost identity, reconstruct a fractioned unity. The speech of Aristophanes in Plato's Symposium must be retained in its entirety. In what it affirms it is no less true than the speech of Socrates. Love is not simply a contemplation that knows, or a will which, though still blind, grows and develops. It is that which unites, the creator of couples, of families, states and churches—the bond of union everywhere.

Thus, as the poets suspect, love has eternity for its goal. It attempts to harmonize two or more distinct durations. This harmony of heterogeneous times can scarcely be conceived of apart from eternity; and eternity can scarcely be thought of otherwise than as a harmony of heterogeneous times.

In this aspiration so often expressed there is something more than a passionate cry or a literary commonplace: love has to abolish and deny time, since it has to abolish the differences which time manifests and produces.

Love presupposes a certain identity between the subject and the object it brings together: an identity that we discover or one that we work out. At most, the problem is one for philosophy. Love does not examine it, for it cannot feel this identity except as distinct from both the past and the future.

And so charity takes for granted that God and the soul, in a certain sense, are but one, that God is within as He is without ourselves—that we are in Him as we are distinct from Him—that between the being of God and that of the soul there is an identity which we must either establish or re-establish—that the love of God for God, the love of God for man, the love of man for God, and the love of man for man, are in reality only one and the same thing, the fourfold aspect of one and the same reality. The charity of man presupposes the grace of God.

Charity—the mystic name of love—thus repudiates all differences and aims at destroying them. Through asceticism it denies universal multiplicity; through pity it affirms universal identity.

Love has never ceased to believe in this identity which we find quite ready to be realized at its extremes. Love finds it indispensable. And we can trace it, with diminished evidence and reality, though still the same, in the most distant past of all feeling.

In addition to will and knowledge, love indeed admits of a certain obligation.

THE FEELINGS AND LOYALTY

Love often appears immoral from the point of view of society. All the same, it implies a morality and laws, and while it destroys some it sets up fresh ones. All love, even when unreciprocated, is a certain pact, which remains valid, though the other party may refuse to ratify it. The subject forms but one, in imagination at all events, with the object he loves. He willingly unites himself to this object. This he cannot do without thereby recognizing duties towards the person beloved, and without attributing thereto a certain responsibility towards self. In spite, then, of appearing crafty, treacherous and anarchical, love presupposes loyalty, it is a loyalism —otherwise it would repudiate the very relationship it seeks to establish. There are actions which, because of the women he loves, a lover must not commit, actions that are incompatible with true love. The lover knows that there is something grievous for a woman in being loved by a coward—even though she spurns him—and something glorious in being loved by a hero. And, reciprocally, a wellborn lady will wish to spare from certain degradations one who loves her sincerely, even though she does not love him. However it be, the love one offers a person pledges the recipient to something. The king finds himself under a certain obligation towards Carmosine, as is well understood by the queen. The death of Carmosine would be a kind of disgrace for the king: morality would have no fault to find but honour would be mysteriously offended. All love postulates the dignity of its object: this dignity is its dignity. A God blasphemed, one's country conquered, a mistress slandered, to some extent detract from the believer, the citizen and the lover; these do their best, even at the cost of heavy sacrifices, to prevent such assaults. All love therefore postulates a certain worthiness on the part of its subject in so far as the unworthiness of the subject would detract from or make impossible that of the object.

Thus, love makes him who loves one with that which he loves, even though this love is not reciprocal and is felt in solitude. "Courteous love" was aware of this truth. A knight's first merit was to choose his lady well; the first favour of a lady was to permit her knight to love her. We smile at such refinements because the lady seems to give what it is easy to take without asking. In reality, she thus ratifies the pact which the knight offers. She admits the existence of that mystic bond between herself and him. This bond is not that of a lover and his mistress; though it is a bond, all the same. Will not the knight's day-dreams be changed from the very fact that they know they are known? Henceforth he may devote his whole life to his lady. His glory and his deeds of prowess will redound to her credit; he may lay at her feet the wreaths won in the tournament and his war trophies.

The précieuses, moralists and novelists of the seventeenth century widely debated as to what it was that creates and what it was that breaks this bond of solidarity, without which love is non-existent. For Corneille, it is incompatible with scorn. Assuredly, in so far as scorn is a judgment which applies to a given person abstract ideas supplied by society, it does not kill love. Here, however, the rules differ from moral rules, and we think it quite fair to ask whether love is compatible with scorn, when the lover regards as forfeit his bond to his mistress, when the latter has made loyalty impossible.

This limit is a mystery of the heart. Love will accept what seems inacceptable to morality or to reason. It exhibits both a tolerance that is surprising and an intolerance that is no less surprising. We do not think that it decrees by mere fancy or desire whether the society it has formed should cease to exist or not. Whatever Manon Lescaut may have done, des Grieux is all the time aware apart from his passion for her and the blind impulses of his feelings-of some indescribable and unintelligible, though sacred, duty towards her. Alceste likewise does not think that he can give up Célimène, in spite of her perfidy and her errors, until the moment when Célimène gives herself up, in full freedom and self-knowledge, without having the excuse of any temptation whatsoever. Then the bond is broken, all that remains for Alceste is the dignity of solitude and affliction. Love, like divine pity, can pardon a multitude of sins which to us appear unpardonable—all except a mysterious sin, that against the Holy Ghost, which is irremissible.

Reason is incapable of deciding this point. Here we are not in the intelligible domain of ethics. Neither are we in the domain of pure affectivity. The lover, in these solemn moments, does not consider only what he wants and what he does not want; he knows that he should consider something else. Even in the plays of Henry Bataille and in those of Porto-Riche we perceive a hint of this deliberation. Apart from pure morality and genuine appetite, there is honour to be considered. It is this latter that speaks and decrees the honour of the lovers, as such. Here we are in the domain explored by Royce: the philosophy of loyalty. Like Royce, we believe that in loyalty there is something irreducible—a loyalty to loyalty. It is this element of lovalism which must be present in love if it is not to die. For if there is no longer any bond between the beloved object and ourselves, if we can no longer unite ourselves thereto, either in reality or by our will, then that which we experience is not love but has become something dead and phantasmal. It is no longer a love, but the memory of a love; analogous to religious feeling in one who has become an atheist, to patriotism in one who has

renounced his nationality, lives no longer in his native land, and has broken every legal and moral bond that united him to it.

If the solidarity between servant and master, or between comrade and comrade, along with the loyalty resulting therefrom, are destroyed forever, a solidarity of another kind may be set up: that of compassion. This is tantamount to saying again, though in a different way: the person I love and myself form but one. It involves the idea that the sacrifice of the one is compensation for the sin of the other; it maintains the balance of the group and affirms its existence. It, too, presupposes a certain loyalty to this group, which endures in spite of the transformation of its interior relationships.

A Corneille type of love that insists on participating in glory—a romantic love that consents to share poverty and misery—in both cases we are dealing with one and the same fidelity to what is common between citizen and state, lover and mistress, friend and friend, with an identity affirmed by the subject, to the very end and in spite of everything, even though the other repudiates and wishes to destroy it. An entire mode of amorous life and an infinity of forms and attitudes assumed by love, can be explained only by this fidelity to a union which, it may be, never has come about and never will, but whose virtual existence the lover asserts, and to which, in so far as he is able, he conforms his actions.

The fact that love possesses a morale, a consciousness of what is good and what is bad for it, of conformity or non-conformity to an ideal in accordance with which it discerns its failures and its successes, proves that, from its very origin, it anticipates this fusion of subject and object—the ultimate goal towards which it tends. In a certain way, potentially if not actually, it never ceases to regard this fusion as real. To love a woman, one must suppose oneself united to this woman, to be one and the same thing with this woman. To love God, one must suppose oneself united to God, to be one and the same thing with God. Charity necessitates both an interior and an exterior Christ, plus the possibility of the one uniting with the other.

CHAPTER IV

Antinomies of Love

Thus analysis reveals in love three distinct elements which it does not seem possible to reduce further. Love appears before us as a three-visaged God. It can no more be reduced to a single element than it can be derived from a single cause. Nor does the application of the principle of identity more effectively solve the problem than does that of the principle of causality. In both ways, love is unintelligible. It contains an element of irrationality which the human mind is unable to grasp!

All analysis of a feeling is necessarily imperfect. We understand a love only if we pass over several of its aspects and cling to a single one. We can neither think nor speak of love without distorting it. Though what we say of it be true, love is nevertheless something different from what we say of it. The best thing to do is to proceed by negations, as we exhort mystics to do, to confine ourselves to saying: "love is not this, love is not that . . ." without ever asserting anything positive about it. Otherwise, we must make up our mind to contradict ourselves, to assert regarding it ideas that cannot log-

ically be reconciled, until their accumulated mass offers us an image which resembles it. In whatsoever way the mind apprehends love in the end it meets with a resistance which it cannot overcome.

The drawbacks of its contradictory character are not perceived by psychologists alone. In ordinary life and in sentimental experience, these contradictions engender oppositions which become very painful as soon as love develops with sufficient freedom. Experience, like reason, proves that they cannot be overcome, it repudiates any philosophy that imagines it can succeed in this direction.

The feelings are not always aware of these oppositions. They impute to their object, to external circumstances—and sometimes not unreasonably anything imperfect or painful which they find in themselves. Lovers lay the blame on their mistress: "If she were willing . . ." they say, "if she loved me sufficiently . . . ", "if she were not ungrateful-or a flirt-or married. . . ." Thus do they hide from themselves-and conceal from us-the tragic contradiction of their love. If they are unable to incriminate circumstances, society, chance—if they are unable or unwilling to incriminate the character of the woman they have chosen—then they blame destiny, the nature of the soul, and that of the body. They feel a sort of madness in presence of the impossibility of a man and a woman really being one and the same flesh.

. . . Quoniam nil inde abradare possunt Nec penetrare et ab ire in corpore toto.

The lover utters maledictions upon that which in his mistress is irreducible—upon that individuality which cannot cease to be distinct from his own, and yet is the very source—as well as the object—of the love he feels. Tristan despairs before the opposition which, in spite of everything, Ysolde offers him, before that of his own individuality—before the "and" which separates them. As a rule, however, lovers find particular causes for these oppositions. They believe that their sufferings are the result of definite misdeeds committed by their mistresses or by themselves-that "if they had known her sooner," "if they had seen more of her," "if they had dared to speak to her" . . . etc., they would have succeeded instead of failing. They find only too many plausible reasons and pretexts.

RELIGIOUS FEELING

To see the contradictions of love in all their nakedness, novelists and lovers must be allowed to pile up one incident after another around the mental states they depict. In the solitude of the cloister, we shall find a type of love which cannot blame for its wretchedness either the world from which it has withdrawn itself or the changes and imperfections of its eternal and perfect object. If there is one feeling that can be simple, it is the love of God. If

sentimental oppositions are to be overcome anywhere, it is at the foot of the altar.

THE THREE THEOLOGICAL VIRTUES

Now, these are upheld both by religious psychology and by Catholic theology. It is clear that the distinction between faith, hope and charity corresponds to that between intuition, dynamism and sentimental fusion. The Church has thought it necessary to maintain this distinction between the three theological virtues. It has done this, although the majority of scholars seem to have preferred charity to the other two, as being more essential to the New Testament and more calculated to realize the natural object of all religion; they have never agreed to regard hope and faith as subordinate, considering them as indispensable to salvation as charity itself, and that, indeed, charity would be impossible without them. All the same, the Church was interested in unifying religious psychology by an hierarchical conception of the virtues. Its teaching on the point might evidently have been clearer and less debatable. Probably much theological disputation is due to the distinction made between the three virtues. The contrasting exigencies—of faith, which insists on a transcendent, personal and absolute God, utterly distinct from man; of hope, which insists on a God as an object of salvation, which is not attained to-day but can and should be to-morrow, when the Kingdom comes;* and of charity, which insists on a God in whom men participate, with whom they can hold communion here below—create great difficulties if we decline to satisfy any one of them to the detriment of the other two. Christian theodicy meets these exigencies in a wonderful way. As Jesus Christ is the mediator between God, with Whom He is of one substance through the mysteries of the Trinity and of conception, and man, with whom He is of one substance through the mysteries of the Incarnation, the Passion and the Eucharist, He is also the mediator between God the Father, the object of pure faith, and the Holy Ghost, the object of pure charity. To the tripartite constitution of love corresponds the mystery of the threefold unity of God.

Still, however well-founded the position, it will none the less, from the human point of view, be always menaced by the fact that each one of the three Virtues risks becoming an evil and destroying all religious feeling if carried so far that its balance with the other two is disturbed. The Church has incessantly to uphold the divinity of Christ against the Arians and the humanity of Christ against the Nestorians. It must in turn exalt and cast down man, in order to affirm, on the one hand, the infinite distance between man and God (for lack of which religious intuition is destroyed), and, on the other

^{*}The stronger the Christian's hope, the nearer seems the Kingdom to him.

hand, the permanent possibility offered to man to annihilate this infinite distance (for lack of which hope and charity are destroyed). It may also be said that the Church must exalt and cast down God in order that He may be an object of hope and desire, of communion and intuition simultaneously. God is, now the Father, now man, now love—something even more human and gentle than man. Jesus Christ is the incarnate Word who is to come on the clouds to judge the living and the dead; He is also the "little child," the "little master" whom we can clasp in our arms. He dwells in the Empyrean, surrounded by Cherubim and Seraphim, Thrones and Dominions, at an immeasurable distance even from the saints themselves. He also dwells in the depths of the heart—the seventh abode of the fortress of the soul, to which Saint Theresa endeavours patiently to guide her Carmelites-"nearer to us than our own self."

HERESIES AND THEOLOGICAL TRUTH

But, if we bind ourselves too exclusively to one of the terms of the system, we destroy it. If we place too much emphasis on the redemption, we shall forget the sin. If we pay too much attention to the divinity of Christ, we shall overlook His humanity. If we grant too much to charity, we destroy hope and faith. Most heresies thus appear as magnifyings: exaggerations resulting from the fact that Scaramouche no longer thinks of more than a single thing. And as a rule it is the object of dogma to arrest religious thought when advancing along the right path—at the very point from which it can no longer return along the other path, also the right one. Speaking generally, condemnation in one direction is sooner or later followed by condemnation in the opposite direction: Jansenius or Calvin after The succession of dogmas is like a Pelagius. "Father, look out on the right! Father, look out on the left!" in true zigzag fashion. Where the heresiarch errs is less in what he affirms than in the fact that he affirms too much—and violently denies one thing to affirm another. The father of all heresies is the principle of contradition—which, indeed, is the philosophical name for the devil. Theological truth seems almost invariably to be a matter of delicacy—of moderation—of tact. If we slightly exaggerate Saint John of the Cross, if we force expressions or even simply omit restrictions, then we have the quietism of Molinos, which the Church straightway rejects. If we again add to quietism a psychological, theological—dare we add literary?—intuitiveness of expression, then we have Fénelon, almost truth itself. The Church will trouble far less about what is said in refutation than about what is said in affirmation. The reason it looks upon Saint Augustine as the prince of teachers -though experience has proved how easy it is to deduce heterodox doctrines from his writings—is that Augustinian excesses exist in polemics, not in thought. Maybe he lays undue stress on grace; though indeed he writes against those who deny grace. And there is a great difference between writing against Pelagius, when Pelagius is alive and threatens to sidetrack Christianity, and writing anti-Pelagian treatises when Pelagius has been dead over a thousand years, and, rightly or wrongly, such a peril seems non-existent.

The Church, however, will always be specially complacent towards scholastic teachers who beware of affirming too much and who take care first to set forth what they refute—to give all their theories the aspect either of a refutation or of a compromise. The Church is aware that any idea, if exaggerated, leads to a pit. It therefore requires submission, spiritual meekness, which adores mysteries without caring to solve them. And, when personal thought would retrace the adventurous paths between which religion had such difficulty in making its own, the Church first calls for tact, good sense. When it wishes and ought to uphold the three theological virtues, it necessarily inclines towards a pluralistic psychology, which naturally in no way diminishes the certainty it has of the metaphysical unity of the absolute. It accepts different though contradictory terms, and simply thinks that God solves these contradictories. It does not agree with Fénelon that

genuine love can dispense with hope, neither does it agree with Bossuet that love can never dispense with hope for itself. It admits discussion neither about the absolute efficacy of grace nor about human freedom. As feeling can be defined, for the psychologist, only by negations or by contradictions, the Church defines it—negatively by dogmas, and positively, though contradictorily, by mysteries.

MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE

The religious experience felt by mystics expresses in living reality the difficulties of theology. And what constitutes mystical truth and error is extremely similar to what constitutes speculative truth and error.

Just as each orthodox opinion may lead to heresy if we exaggerate it, so each mystical state may lead to a sin or a mania. And so the great and true mystic mistrusts all the states he experiences. It is worthy of note that the princes of ecstasy mistrust ecstasy.* M. de Grandmaison well says that "they are not far from regarding it as a tribute paid to human weakness." When informed of the many extraordinary favours that fall to one of her converts, Saint Theresa does not rejoice. She sends word that, if she were to return, such things would speedily come to an end; at the same time ordering

^{*}Here I use the word "ecstasy" in a wider sense than previously, meaning by it the "extraordinary graces" of orisons, and all the mystical states generally understood thereby.

that the nuns be given more food and granted longer sleeping hours. Did not she herself remain long in doubt whether these ecstasies came from the Devil or from God? She only yielded to evidence, to the result of what actually happened. She regarded her states of ecstasy as pure and their source as divinesometimes from an inner certainty which she thought God alone could give—but mostly because she found herself better, more chastened, after passing through them. And to her first teachers who misinterpreted these extraordinary phenomena and wondered if they did not signify treachery and cunning on the part of the enemy, she replied that it is impossible to doubt the visit of a king if you still hold in your hands the jewels he has given you. Thus ecstasy is not . . . cannot be . . . an end. It is of value only as a means, particularly efficacious for interior perfectibility. It is a succour of divinity, not a reward. It does not authorize reassurance, still less elation. And it is the same with every mystical state as with this, the most famous of them all. Certainly asceticism is a good thing. But if it is exaggerated, if it is practiced with too much curiosity, if too great importance is attached to it, it becomes an evil. Then it is a sort of spiritual ambition that engenders spiritual pride. It enfeebles the service of God, greatly diminishing the powers of man. It encroaches upon the duty of self-preservation: it may even become a kind of

suicide. It may even cease to be asceticism and may assume an element of lewdness—a disguised masochism—if one is not capable of renouncing it at any moment, however much a superior may order its practice. It is of value only as a negation of concupiscence—for dominating the flesh, and even the spirit. This mortification, however, should cease as soon as it becomes pleasing—this renunciation should come to an end as soon as it enters into possession.

There is nothing more inherent in Christian mysticism than meditation on the humanity of Jesus Christ, especially on the Passion. Still, Saint John of the Cross warns against the spiritual sensuality which may receive nourishment from these exercises, however saintly they be. He is aware that, after being cleansed of carnal lewdness, one must be cleansed of spiritual lewdness, and that the latter is produced by the former. It really seems as though the Church were quite ready—and had always been ready—to welcome the criticisms of modern neurologists. In all probability it went farther than they did themselves, and its teachers and directors were more on their guard against Saint Theresa than the psychiatrists of the present day would be, were she to appear in their midst. Saint John of the Cross is acquainted with the orgasms of orison and communion. He gives orders that one must not come to a stop there, but must insist on conquering them. He is also afraid lest the mystic then succumb to the mania of scrupulosity—a very frequent occurrence indeed—and be paralyzed by it. We can see this admirable guide and counsellor on his guard both against complacency—as would be a follower of Bernheim—and against repression—as would be a follower of Freud. Evidently he would like these things to appear so evil that one would struggle against and renounce them—and yet so natural that the pious soul would not be excessively alarmed thereby nor arrested on the path of perfection.

As we see, there is a diabolical caricature of every mystical state. Alongside of true humility which fortifies, there is a false humility—a disguised pride -which leads astray. The "interior" saints, who were profound psychologists, are aware that the mystic may very easily fall into paranoia—into a mania of scrupulosity, which will deprive him of all energy-or into delusions of greatness, which will rob him of all sense of the infinite distance between God and himself, and of the respect he owes his Creator—into a state of melancholy, which will render him incapable of any service—or into one of contentment, which will make him incapable of selfcontrol. They dread that noisy and inquisitive, that tense zeal which refuses to listen to divine exhortations, or to stay where God Himself wishes it to be; they also dread a state of Buddhic unconsciousness, which makes one incapable of feeling or meriting anything.

The main thing is to be continually resigned to the

deprivation, if necessary, of that which sustains present-day life, to remain supple and submissive. Charitable activity is good, provided one can renounce the joys of works, and withdraw, if need be, into a desert island or a mountain. Solitude and meditation are good, provided one can renounce the joys of contemplation and submit to be brought back into human society. One must be alike capable of eating meat and of dispensing with meat-of appreciating with cheerful freedom and holy rejoicing the favours which God sends, and of bearing without a murmur the deprivation of these favours when God considers it right—as He always does at one time or another—to withdraw them. Otherwise, one becomes stereotyped in an attitude from which it is impossible to deviate; feeling, robbed of activity or of contemplation, becomes a delirium or a mania. One is a sick man; no longer a saint. In the twelfth century, one would go to a monastery; in the twentieth, to a hospital. This suppleness, this possibility of self-modification, of passing from one state to another, from one attitude to its opposite, constitutes both for mystics and for neurologists the difference between a glorified charity and what they called possession—what we call a psychosis. It should then be possible to discover in clinics states analogous to those experienced by Saint Theresa, or Suso, or Saint John of the Cross: they themselves would not be in the least astonished thereby. But Saint Theresa is at any time capable of passing from one of these states to another; whereas the paranoiac is not. She grows and evolves, tests herself and transcends herself, whereas those mentally afflicted cease to evolve. Perhaps, like her, they will have visions, but they will not be able to renounce them, as she was. They will mortify the flesh dreadfully, and the algophile will imitate the ascetic: but they will not be capable, at a given order, of flinging away their hair-cloths—as did the Minor Friars at the command of Saint Francis.

Greatness, mystical "truth"—and, from the canonical point of view, orthodoxy-do not consist in those states in which mystics experiment, however extraordinary these states may be, but in the manner in which they control themselves when in these states and react to them-in the line they follow, not in the points through which this line passes. To Saint John of the Cross, the principal thing in mystical evolution is not so much transports and favours, ecstasies and revelations, as the "Night" itselfcomplete resignation, unreserved acceptance of the successive darkening and prostration of the senses, the mind, and even the will. When Saint Theresa warningly affirms that there can be no progress in mysticism without meekness, we do not think that she is simply repeating what her confessors teach her: we believe that this is the very core of her own experience, her own sainthood. We must indeed

have read the mystics very carelessly if we urge against them that it is possible to be as greedy of relics as of money, to desire the favours of God as a courtier does those of a king, to be prouder in a cell than in a palace, and more sensual clad in sackcloth than clad in silk. This is what they have always taught, what they have always struggled against themselves and urged others to struggle against. Their supreme quality is perhaps tact regarding things of the soul—an exquisite capacity for judging them and recognizing their real worth—for divining the frequently corrupt springs from which their states derive—for glimpsing the dangers which these states may cause them to run—as well as the good they may enable them to attain. An almost divine delicacy informs them of the moment when they must ascend Monte Alverno to pray in solitude, and of that when they must come down and preach to the birds and to their fellow human beings. These Cross-inebriated madmen, as a rule, possess admirable good sense. This it is that enables them to steer their course skilfully amid so many dangers, to continue advancing towards their God without foundering. It may be that they are right in regarding as tests rather than rewards these favours that so greatly astonish us. Their true glory consists, not in having received them, but in having used them well. It is advisable to judge mystics as they tudge themselves . . . and amongst themselves . . . as regards this general attitude of the soul rather than as regards other things; the main element in their experience is the profound wisdom that makes it possible, that protects them from the mania and the fall with which they are threatened.

MYSTICAL AFFLICTIONS

All their wisdom and courage, however, would doubtless be vain, useless, were they not guided by pain, which admonishes and corrects them. It would appear as though we misjudged, as a rule, those "afflictions" of which mystics speak with a sort of terror, even after they have overcome them, and when, their necessity having been understood, the anguish which intensified them on being experienced has disappeared. "Do not imagine, my daughters," writes Saint Theresa, "that the crosses of the comtemplatives are lighter than your own. Indeed, if I may judge by what I have seen and heard, they are far heavier. You would be affrighted were God to show you the way in which He deals with them." These words of the saint make one shudder when one thinks of her courage, her craving after suffering and mortification—even for others—and when one connects them with the stern discipline of the Path of Perfection and of the "Carmel réformé."

In all probability, the "afflictions" of the mystics condition their evolution. This was the main thought of Saint John of the Cross. They save the mystic from the excess into which he would otherwise fall; they express the antinomies of love.

The mystic begins with a zeal for self-reformation. He deadens his sensuality, corrects his vices as well as he can, meditates upon God and upon himself. He increases the number both of his exterior and of his interior activities. And the sufferings he experiences testify to the deep-rooted nature of the diseases he extirpates. Then God reveals Himself, and quietude comes over the mystic: a state of suspended faculty. No longer can he or must he act or will, but rather yield himself to God Who supplies every lack. This is the period of ecstasy, of raptures and visions. The soul is overflowing with God; it is as though it shared in His being.

But quietude paralyzes the will and renders religious intuition itself impossible. The soul merged in God no longer perceives the distance between God and itself and so makes no attempt to lessen it. It must submit to a new purification—which is all the more painful in proportion as ecstasy is the more complete. The nearer the soul feels itself to God, the farther away it must believe itself from Him, in order that it may again worship and toil, and so purify its own nature. Once more a gulf separates the mystic from this God he had contacted. Spiritual joys had replaced the joys of vanity and of the carnal nature. Now there are no longer either spiritual or carnal joys—no more consolations,

either exterior or interior. The world repels, because God has been experienced—and God makes its attraction and savour no longer felt. He leaves the mystic alone in a world which He has converted for him into a wilderness. The soul, left to itself and incapable of anything—without any support, it imagines—tortured with doubts as to the causes of the privation it endures, must regain the genuine desire to love God, perfect humility—stern, unremitting zeal—resignation to the divine will.

Favours return, ecstatic states are again experienced, stronger than before. The mystic recovers, further intensified, the joys he thought were past. These joys, however, are short-lived. And, even then, the mystic's consciousness, refined by the "aridity" from which it has issued, experiences an element of irreducibility in his person, of uncontrollability in his will and of unattainability in his God. The mystic "dies from not dying," from not being able to give fully to God what he aspires to give Him. what God aspires to take, and what nevertheless subsists. This feeling that God is there, that one is almost united to Him, though this is not altogether possible, that one does not cease, under any circumstances, being a subject that desires and God an object that is perceived, makes the life of the mystic very like a purgatory which now resembles paradise -everything is about to come to pass, eternity to annul time forever—and now resembles hell: for,

on such a view, is not this separation, which the mystic cannot fathom, a predestined one? Hence all this anguish, of which, indeed, they have told us but little. Union makes them suffer through the imperfection it reveals to them in their self, the infamy it heaps upon them—intuition makes them suffer through the helplessness in which it leaves them—and the solitary outpouring of their heart makes them suffer through the absence of divinity, as well as through the past of shame and opprobrium which it involves and utilizes.

Whether prolonged and drawn out in "aridities," or confined and concentrated in the loftiest flights of meditation, mystical afflictions serve, as we see, to prevent charity, faith and hope from succeeding in excluding one another.

SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE

Throughout these sufferings and these favours, it seems as though the soul were seeking a compromise between the ever more powerful dynamism which would remove mountains, convert the infidel and succour the unhappy—make the personality as God would have it be and the world as God would wish it—the intuition which would contemplate its divine object in peace—and the union which would aspire to will and see nothing more, to be conscious only of the absolute identity of the soul and God. At first, the rhythm of the different states is very definite.

It leads on from one extreme to the other, as though to compensate each by the other. Then it becomes less intense. The mystic succeeds in acting and willing without altogether losing his power of contemplation. He passes more easily from intuition to will. He perceives, approves, and works in turn, even all at once. He comes to be so adaptable and so detached that he is no longer too conscious of the oscillations of love. Not that these oscillations cease, but the mystic becomes accustomed to them, because he no longer troubles about anything, because he is accustomed to live under their influence, and because he no longer intensifies the states through which he passes by means of disquieting and interested reflections. Experience enlightens him. When, in the enjoyment of divine favours, he is no longer filled with self-reproach at being ankylosed: he is aware that this ankylosis will not last, and that it would be useless for him to struggle against it. When these favours become infrequent, he is no longer so terrified at having nothing to enjoy and at the idea that his prayers are so barren: he knows that enjoyment will return and that it would be unnecessary to attempt to recall it. When contemplating God, he is no longer terrified at finding Him so far away—and, when holding communion with God, he is no longer terrified at finding himself so near Him. He leaves himself in God's hands, gives himself up to Him, quietly and unreservedly,

like a dead body. Prayer and action remain in touch with each other. Instead of succeeding one another, month after month or year after year, they alternate several times in a single day. The soul, inured to this change, flows gently and almost im-

perceptibly from one state to the other.

Still, though less painful, the antinomies of love are not resolved. Mystical harmony remains a compromise. The "spiritual marriage" is an appeasement, not a lasting peace. It expresses, for many, the mystic's resignation in presence of the obstacle he has encountered, the obstacle he is continually encountering and cannot overcome. The mystic has understood that what separates him from God is after all God's will to create him, a will that must be respected—and the Trinity of God, beneath whose symbol God exacts worship. The mystic has made himself master, as far as possible, of a self which no longer acts separately and which incessantly and almost without effort he gives back to God in a perpetual spirit of offering. His state, however, is not stationary. The mystic cannot advance beyond: for the line where the serenity of the heavens and the might of the ocean meet ever recedes before the pursuer. None can reach it in this world. The final hope of the mystic is to be transported into the other. There, maybe, faith, hope and charity, so tragically distinct here below, are merged into a supreme unity. Action will appear as the sister of contemplation. The soul will be wholly possessed by God and yet able to serve Him in constant humility.

On earth, however, the distinction remains. Through aridity of love in order to strengthen faith, through dimming of faith that love may be exalted, the mystic must pass over and over again along the three great paths that lead him to God. He perceives the cross-roads where they meet: but this crossroads is Paradise. God holds it in reserve for the dead. And so the sanctity of the mystic is continually being created and re-created, and, when his spiritual masters and his Church assure him of the ever present possibility of the fall, they are not merely expressing moral truth, they are stating the reality of experience itself. Every moment the mystical balance is being broken and again restored, and so every moment it risks remaining broken. There neither is nor can be a "truly perpetual act." When mystics speak—though most of them do not risk it—of a perpetual act which continues for ever, they add: "provided it be not revoked." Thus we are dealing with a treaty, if we dare call it such, the renewal of which is automatic unless it be denounced. None the less, every second does it involve a renewal -an effort of which the mystic is no longer conscious, so accustomed is he to it, though an effort none the less. This mystery of the perpetual act which must incessantly be recommenced, as Descartes' God is ever recommencing creation, is the mystery of love itself—a mystery that cannot be revealed.

And so love cannot cease being a dialectic. It aims after an impossible synthesis of irreducible elements and endeavours to give effect to potencies that are irreconcilable. Each one of its states tires it: change is its law. Still, as regards this fatigue which compels love to undergo transformation, as regards the rhythm that this change follows, we do not think it necessary to explain them by appealing to anything else than the nature of love itself. There is no occasion to incriminate either the nature of the person or that of the body. The rhythm peculiar to the life of each man is involved in the love he feels -and in itself would suffice to prevent love from being permanent. But even if this obstacle were overcome-and it would seem that, in certain mystical experiences, it has been at all events very nearly overcome-love would still suffer from a kind of nostalgia. Son of Poros and Penia, in poverty it looks longingly upon the happiness supplied by abundance, and in abundance it regrets the enthusiastic courage called forth by poverty.

Its rhythmic motion is due to the fact that at each moment one of its ends is unrealized, that one of its powers has not been functioning. It is an incessant fall from eternity into time: an incessant rebound from time back into eternity.

